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TRAVELS
THROUGH
SWITZERLAND, ITALY, SICILY,
THE
GREEK ISLANDS TO CONSTANTINOPLE,
THROUGH PART OF
GREECE, RAGUSA, AND THE DALMATIAN ISLES;
In a Series of Letters to
PENNOYRE WATKINS, ESQ.
FROM
THOMAS WATKINS, A.M. F.R.S.
IN THE YEARS
1787, 1788, 1789.

Καὶ ἐν Ἰθάκῃ μετ' αἰθλα, μετ' ἄλγηα πικρὰ θαλάσσης
Ἀσπασίως τὸν ὕδατος ἰκάνομαι
οἶδα καὶ αὐτὸς
Ὅς ὡδὲν γλυκίον ἢς πατρίδος.

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M DCC XCV.



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

EARL WYCOMBE.

MY DEAR LORD,

WHEN I asked your permission to dedicate the second volume of my Travels to you, I told you with sincerity (for I never stoop to flatter) that if I knew any man, whose character would confer more honour on the dedication than yours, I had applied to him. Many indeed have travelled as much as you, but few to such advantage, This truth is so generally known, that your information is become proverbial.

I feel myself particularly flattered
by your friendship, because I revere
A your

your virtue, and how can I be otherwise than flattered, when in addition to it I find you possessed of those qualities that are so seldom united in the same person---the manners of a gentleman, and the conversation of a scholar !

I remain,

Your most obliged,

and faithful Servant,

TH. WATKINS.

London, Nov. 5, 1792.

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TRAVELS

THROUGH

SWITZERLAND,

By C. C. C.

LETTER XXIII.

Taormina, March 2, 1788.

TO see, and not admire, the situation of Messina, either in a picturesque, or in a commercial point of view, is impossible. It was formerly the chief emporium of the Mediterranean, and often the rendezvous of the crusade fleets on their voyages to Palestine. Before it a long and narrow strip of land bends like a scythe, and forms one of the noblest ports in Europe; so deep, that ships of the largest

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burden can lie close to the wharfs, and so land-locked, that the rudest tempest can scarce disturb it. The entrance is indeed dangerous, but more, I believe, from the currents and eddies of the Faro or Straits, than from any internal cause. Prior to the earthquake of 1783, the appearance of the city from the water was one of those rich scenes, which nothing less than apathy could regard with indifference. It is now a most deplorable picture of desolation. On the town-side of the port was an uniform range of houses, which reminds me of the crescent at Bath; their fronts being still extant, and grand even in ruin. The concussion was not so violent at Messina, as at Oppido, yet not a building escaped it. We have been told by many, who were present at this tremendous spectacle, that on the 6th of February the ground rolled like the sea, but in various directions: that at one time it would swell to a considerable height, and again sink into a deep abyss, frequently yawning, and closing itself upon the wretched people. As the frames of the houses

houses stood when the roofs fell in, those of the inhabitants, who took refuge in their windows and chimneys, were saved; but their sensations, during such an interval of suspense, must have been more terrible than the death they avoided. What a scene of distress! what severe warning for the remnant of the citizens to abandon their faithless soil, which is almost in a continual state of convulsion! but in vain; they are rebuilding the city, and reside in barracks without the walls, until their houses be fit to receive them. This is the strongest instance of infatuation I ever knew—an unwarrantable partiality for their native spot; because, were they to settle in any other part of Sicily, they would be seldom subject to misfortunes of this nature. Hence I am induced to believe, that there is an immense subterraneous cavity, which extends from Mount *Ætna* to the *Calabrias*, perhaps to *Vesuvius*, and that these frequent concussions are occasioned by the explosion of the volcanic matter it contains. But this is an hypothesis, the

sole support of which rests on the frequency and unchangeable direction of the shocks.

The antiquity of Messina is of so early date, that its origin is lost in fable. In the sixth book of Thucydides, we find it mentioned among the Greek cities of Sicily; as also in Strabo and Pausanias. It was first called Zancle, from the resemblance of the land that forms its port, to a scythe;—the name of which, in the old Sicilian language, was Zanclos, and thence introduced into the Greek by Callimachus. Anaxilus, king of the Rhegians, got possession of it, and changed its name to Messina. About 140 years after his time, it was treacherously seized by the Mamertines,—a barbarous horde of wandering Campanians, or, as some say, of Samians, expelled from their country by order of the Oracle of Apollo, and hospitably received by the Messenians. They called it Mamertina, and the wine Mamertinum; the former name was soon dropped, but the latter

latter continued many ages, and was so excellent, that Pliny mentions it as the fourth wine served at the banquet of Cæsar, when he entered on his third consulship. The others were the Falernian, the Chian, and the Lesbian—I wish I could send you a pipe of each.—The seizure of Messina by the Mamertines gave rise to the first Punic war. It was then that the citizens became subject to the Roman people, whom they served with such fidelity, that the Senate bestowed upon them singular privileges and immunities. They are also remarkable in history for having taken the lead of the Sicilian cities, in expelling the Saracens from the island.

Having received all necessary information for the tour from our consul Signor Anfusi, we hired mules, and left Messina. Our road lay along the sea beach, and every thing we beheld from it was pleasing.—Rhegium, the extreme promontories of Italy, and the heights of Messina, off which many valiant actions have been fought, but

none more valiant than that of 1718, in which Sir George Byng destroyed the Spanish fleet, and Sir George Pocock first drew his sword for his country. He sheathed it (you know) at the capture of the Hayannah. When we had travelled some miles under a chain of lofty rocks, the coast suddenly opened upon us, and presented no less an object than *Ætna*, or, as it is here called, *Mon-Gibello*;—an object which (however it may seem paradoxical) is perhaps the most pleasing, and most terrible in the world. Indeed it entirely consists of these opposite extremes. Its summit is ever covered with frozen snow, its inside ever burning: in one part it is totally bare of vegetation, in another clothed with perpetual verdure: you may in the summer months descend from a climate as cold as that of Scandinavia to one as sultry as the atmosphere of Guinea; and between these extremes are different gradations, in which every vegetable that the earth produces would flourish. Happy land, if slavery and superstition were not the lot of
thine

thine inhabitants ! As we were gazing with pleasure and wonder on this phænomenon, our guide led us to a house of mean appearance, where his mules might bait. Having found a basket of fresh anchovies, and some eggs, our Italian servant soon produced a most admirable fry, and an omlette, to which the good housewife added a cake of bread, whiter than any I had ever eaten, and a flask of wine that was a perfect cordial. Then it was we felt ourselves in Sicily, for in no other country could such fare be found at the mean habitation of a peasant. Among the vineyards of Burgundy and Champagne, the beverage of the lower people is little better than flat vinegar ; but here their rich and grateful wines are too strong for a draught, unless much diluted.

We continued our journey in the evening, cheered and warmed by the declining sun ; while you perhaps in England were shivering with cold ; and about ten o'clock arrived at the lofty city of Taormina. As this place has neither inn nor lodging house,

we had provided ourselves at Messina with a letter from our consul to the monks of the Capuchin convent ; but unfortunately for us their visitor was then with them, on which occasion the rules of their order forbid them to admit the traveller.—Uncharitable injunction ! it ill becomes the brotherhood of St. Francis, who was himself a traveller and a beggar. We were therefore obliged to seek some shelter from the weather, where we might rest our wearied limbs, but long sought in vain, until a personal application to a gentleman of the place procured us by his intercession two little cells in a monastery of Augustine friars, where we supped on bread, goats milk, and honey, and slept away the fatigue of the day. What would many have given for such a night's repose ? The next morning we wandered about the place. It is reported, in the 16th book of Diodorus Siculus, to have been built by Andronicus, the father of the historian Timeus, on Mount Taurus, whence it partly derived its name. Julius Cæsar planted a Roman colony in it,
who

who embellished it with superb edifices, of which the remains of a naumachium, a reservoir, and a theatre, are still extant. In the first of these we saw on two or three of its bricks, Taormina stamped in Greek characters. The latter is a magnificent ruin situated at the northern extremity of the city, and on the verge of a mountain that leans over the sea, from which we enjoyed the surrounding prospect; on one side the environs of Messina, and the opposite shores of Calabria: and on the other, *Ætna*, and all the eastern coast of Sicily. We sat upon the summit of these mouldering walls, musing over the various scenery of this charming coast, and anticipating the pleasure we should receive in a more minute investigation of it, until our guide told us it would be impossible to perform our intended journey, if we delayed our departure any longer.

Benedictine

Benedictine Convent, near Nicolosi, March 3.

ON leaving Taormina, we crossed the river Acis so often the subject of Greek and Latin poetry. Acis was (if there be truth in mythology) the son of Faunus and the nymph Simæthis. Polyphemus, finding that he was preferred by Galatæa to himself, slew him in a fit of jealousy; but she, in pity of his fate, changed him into a river. The probable account, however, of this stream is, that it was called Acis, or *Akis*, an arrow, from its straight direction, and the velocity of its current. On passing it we found ourselves at the foot of *Ætna*. This mountain is divided in three regions, *la Piedmontese*, or level, *la sylvestra*, or woody, and *la deserta*, or desolate. The perpendicular height of it, from the Mediterranean, is 10,958 feet; the ascent by roads about 26 miles, and the circumference at the basis 160. It is impossible for

me

me to describe the pleasure we experienced in passing through the first of these regions; but, believe me, that callous is the heart, which would not beat with joy among these happy scenes,—this variety of abundance. What a rich volume of natural religion they present! What an impression do they stamp upon the feeling soul that adores the Divinity? As I gazed in rapture on every side, I could not but exclaim with Milton:

“ These are thy glorious works, parent of good,

“ Almighty! ———

Having ascended some miles, we entered the woody Region, in which are chestnut-trees of immense bulk. An English gentleman, who has lately made the tour of Sicily, persuaded us to visit the largest of these, called *Le tre Castanie di cento Cavalli*. There were formerly three, as you may perceive by the name; there now remains but one, which consists of six branches or shoots from the ground of considerable size; yet upon the whole they did

not

not answer our expectation. At this place the evening began to close in, and we had to travel two *hours* longer; for here they measure the journey by the time in which they perform it. When it grew dark, the latter part of the day was almost as disagreeable as the former had been pleasing;—the roads being bad, and often dangerous, as we had to cross many broad beds of shattered lava, that have for ages rolled from the crater of *Ætna* to the sea. In this situation we proceeded most tediously, relying entirely upon our mules; which, though sometimes obliged to leap up and down, or step from one fragment of lava to another, never stumbled. Their caution was wonderful; for, in any great difficulty, they put their heads to the ground, and picked out the way with certainty. Thus we crept onward for four, instead of two hours, when our muleteer stopped among a few mean cottages, and informed us of our arrival. We immediately enquired for the servant; but, to our great surprise and disappointment, heard that he was gone on to
Castanie,

Castanie, a village two hours distant. We were too cold, too weary, and too hungry (for we had fasted since breakfast) to follow him, and therefore alighted; but instead of a comfortable little inn, a doleful dwelling received us, in which, through clouds of thick smoke, we dimly discovered five or six peasants, as rude in appearance as the Cyclops their Ætnean predecessors, lying around a fire. Their forbidding aspect induced us to enquire for a separate chamber, when we were conducted into a kind of barn, from which they agreed to remove all the straw except what was necessary for our beds, and to light a fire in the corner. Preferring even this accommodation to a longer journey, as our jaded mules had made an uncommon effort to reach this place, we thought to abide here the night, until on enquiring what provision they had, we heard them too distinctly pronounce the dreadful word *none*. We were now compelled to proceed; for, at the worst, we conceived it *more agreeable* to break our necks over the rugged lava, than to die of hunger:

hunger : with these sentiments we remounted our unwilling cattle, and, after crawling on for two hours more, arrived at Castanie ; where, to complete the misfortunes of the night, we neither found our servant, nor any other person, up, to receive us. We knocked and begged from door to door, but all in vain ; so that our situation seemed desperate. To lie upon the bare earth was death, and yet this must follow, as our strength was insufficient to support us on our feet till the morning. At length we gave it over, knowing not what measures to adopt ; when suddenly a door opened, and a light shone upon us. My sensation at the instant is not to be described, but I suppose it to be of the same nature, as that of a malefactor who receives his pardon at the place of execution. A charitable Sicilian took us in : made a good fire : set before us bread, eggs, dried fruits, and excellent wine, and provided a bed in his granary. The next morning, having given him money, and a thousand thanks, we mounted our mules, and ascended to the little village of Nicolosi.

Though

Though we had been repeatedly told that it was impossible to reach the summit of this tremendous mountain in winter, none having ever attempted it, yet so insuperable was our desire of looking down its crater, that the expedition was resolved upon. We proposed it to several guides, but without success, until one, who could not resist the offer of three ounces (about a guinea and a half) agreed to conduct us thither. Nicolosi must, (I should suppose) at every great eruption of *Ætna* be either overwhelmed by lava, or buried under showers of cinders, &c. It stands on a part of the mountain where every thing has been swept away by the repeated ravages of the volcano, and where nothing meets the eye but dismal ashes. Having procured beds at the convent, where I am now writing, which stands still higher than the village, and is apparently from its vicinity to danger intended as a *memento mori* for the fraternity, we set out from Nicolosi at seven in the morning.

Having

Having travelled near four miles through these cheerless tracts surrounded with many hills, formed by eruptions, we entered a grove of the finest oak, beech and fir, I ever saw; even there we found inhabitants, who earn a wretched subsistence by supplying the inferior Region with wood and charcoal. They live indeed in one of the most beautiful forest countries imaginable; but this is immediately under the volcano; however, they are insensible of the danger, and deaf to alarm. Having passed through these woods, we arrived at the borders of the last or desolate Region, where we left our mules, and began the ascent on foot, which we found extremely difficult, not only from its increased declivity, but from the snow being frozen into a mass of slippery ice; yet, what will not resolution and perseverance effect? After frequent stoppages to take breath, we perceived to our great mortification, that our guide, though in appearance as strong as Polyphemus, the ancient tenant of the mountain, was weak and timid. He complained of hunger; to satisfy
which

which I gave him all the bread I had carried in my pocket; yet he still kept behind, which obliged us to incite, abuse, ridicule, threaten, and even to assist him in the ascent. When arrived within half a mile of the top a severe storm of sleet, with a thick fog and extreme cold, fell upon us; however, determined, not to abandon what seemed so great an enterprise, we proceeded, and at length, after the most inconceivable difficulties, *stood upon the very summit of Ætna**; from which, for a few seconds, I gazed into the crater; but, oh! how great was my surprise, when, instead of such a shallow basin as that of Vesuvius, I saw a horrid gulph, not less than two miles in circumference, lined with immense rocks, and deeper than the eye could fathom! How terribly grand would it appear, were it possible to sail over it in a balloon when brim full and boiling over with liquid fire! To *behold* it in this state might I

* I should rather say upon the *back*, for the crater of this mountain, does not like that of Vesuvius rise into a point.

think be possible, but to *describe* it would require the abilities of Shakespear; and where are such to be found? You recollect that this crater was the grave of Empedocles, who unfortunately forgot to leave his iron sandals behind him, before he attempted to impose upon the world a belief of his immortality, by throwing himself into it. When I stood upon its brink, Mr. Pocock was about 100 yards behind me. Not hearing him answer when I called, I returned, and found him alarmed at his situation, being benumbed with cold. I instantly wrapped my great coat about him, took him under my arm, and preventing him with difficulty from sliding down the steep and icy sides of the mountain, descended to a hollow part where the tempest beat with less violence. There he directed me by signs, (for he could not speak, his mouth and hands being frost-bitten) to rub them with snow and ice; which I did, and happily, it soon produced the desired effect. We then proceeded at random, for in our confusion we had, as we thought, lost the way;

way ; but providentially came precisely to the place from which we began the ascent, where we found our miserable guide, who had left us near the summit, quite exhausted, and in tears. We gladly remounted our mules, and about nine o'clock arrived at this convent, where we found a good supper, and two excellent beds—What luxury after such peril and fatigue !

Catania, March 4.

AS Catania is situate at the foot of *Ætna*, we descended to it from the convent of Nicolosi, over that deep and extensive bed of lava which in 1669 destroyed the city.

The different species of lava found upon the sides of this mountain, are not so numerous, nor of so sulphureous a quality, as those of *Vesuvius*. There is much sal-armoniac, and ferrugineous matter in them ; but I cannot discover that they are (as as-

ferted) more porous and less vitreous than the Vesuvian. Indeed, I think from the many specimens I purpose shewing you, that I can prove the contrary.

Catania, like most of the Sicilian cities, is of Greek origin. It was, according to Thucydides, (on whose authority I implicitly rely) founded by Euarchus of Chalcis, five years after Syracuse; but the frequency of its destruction by earthquakes, and overwhelming lava, has either swept away or buried all its Grecian architecture. Its only antiquities are the remains of a Roman theatre, about sixteen feet under ground, and a rotundo not dissimilar to the Pantheon of Rome. But although so often destroyed, yet, like the phoenix, it has risen with new beauty from its ashes, having many noble streets and edifices. Of the former is La Strada di Satua, broad, straight, and near a mile in length: and of the latter, the palace of the Prince di Biscaris, in which we were shewn, by a very ignorant Cicerone, or explanatory guide, a museum,
rich

rich in antiques and natural curiosities. We also visited a convent that even at Rome would receive attention,—the town residence of the Benedictine Monks, who own that, at Nicolosi. The gardens are laid out with much taste, but what is more remarkable, they are made upon a solid and extensive stratum of lava. You will believe that Catania was not less interesting to me from having been in possession of my favourite people the Athenians. They took it previously to the siege of Syracuse, and made its port (now choked up by the inundations of *Ætna*) the winter station of their fleet. We find a good inn here, kept by one *Caca Sanguè*, a name that sounds better in Italian, than it would in English. This fellow is extremely pleasant and communicative; among other things, he told us, that Mr. —, who has published such a minute description of his journey to the crater of *Ætna*, was never there, but sick in Catania, when his party ascended, he having been their guide.

The greatest pleasure I have experienced in travelling, is to perceive that virtue is not confined to either soil or climate. Even in Sicily, where the general morals are perverted by every crime that superstition, avarice, and revenge, can instigate, she sometimes appears, as you will acknowledge, when I have told you the following story.

Lorenzo Mufata, a native of this city, was in the year 1774 taken in a Maltese ship by an Algerine corsair. When the prize was carried into port, he was sold to a Turkish officer, who treated him with all the severity that the unfeeling disposition of a barbarian, rendered intolerant by bigotry, could inflict. It happened fortunately for the Sicilian, that his master's son Fezulah, (about ten years old) became extremely fond of him; and, by numberless little offices of kindness, alleviated his slavery. Lorenzo in consequence became as much attached to the boy, as the boy was to him; so that they were seldom separate from each

each other. One day as Fezulah (being then sixteen) was bathing in the sea, the current carried him off, and he certainly would have perished, had not Lorenzo plunged in, and saved him at the hazard of his life. His affection was now heightened by gratitude, and he frequently interceded with his father for his deliverer's emancipation, but in vain. Lorenzo often sighed for his country, and Fezulah determined that he should return there. With this resolution, he one night conveyed him on board an English merchant-ship that lay off Algiers; and having embraced him in tears, retired with all that exquisite glow of pleasure and self-approbation, which virtue feels in acting with gratitude and generosity. The Sicilian returned to his country, where he found that a relation had bequeathed him a small tenement: upon which he settled, and enjoyed the sweets of competency and repose, rendered infinitely more grateful, than they otherwise would have been, by the remembrance of his past slavery. At length growing tired of sedentary life, he

accompanied his kinsman,—a master of a vessel, to Genoa. On landing in the D'arfena, he heard a voice cry out—“*Oh, my friend, my Lorenzo.*” and instantly found himself in the arms of Fezulah. He was at first lost in surprise and joy, but how rapid was the transition to grief, when he perceived by his chains that Fezulah was a slave !—He had been taken by a Genoese galley on his voyage to Aleppo. You have already seen that the ruling passions of Lorenzo's breast were generosity and gratitude ; and to these he now determined to sacrifice every other consideration. Having divided his purse with his former companion, he took his leave, telling him he should be again at Genoa within two months. And so he was. He returned to Sicily : sold his little tenement, though to great disadvantage, and with the money ransomed his friend, whom he sent back to his country. Fezulah has lately visited Lorenzo at Catania, where they now are, and has not only repurchased for him his estate, but considerably enriched him.

These

These actions may by some, who have more prudence than philanthropy, be deemed enthusiastic; I must, however, consider them as genuine virtue, and am only sorry I cannot be an associate in the friendship of Fezulah and Lorenzo.

Syracuse, March 7.

FROM Catania we passed through a rich, though neglected country, leaving Hybla on the right hand. It was famous for its honey, as we read in the elder Pliny, and in many other authors. Indeed, the whole of this happy coast was as productive of honey as Hybla; from the general softness of the climate, and its infinite variety of aromatic flowers for bees. Some miles further we crossed the Læstrigonian plains, in which the celebrated city of Leontini stood, noticed by Thucydides, Diodorus Siculus, Strabo, and Pausanias. It was built by a colony of Chalcideans, under the
com-

command of Theucles; and gave birth to Gorgias, the scholar of Empedocles, who astonished and charmed the Athenians so much by his rhetorical abilities, that they engaged him to remain among them, and teach the art. Aristotle, in that part of his works which treats on the nature of animals, observes, that the country of Leontini was so rich in pasture, that its cattle sometimes died of grossness. But what is still more remarkable, it produced oats naturally; and the wheat, according to Diodorus, Cicero, and Pliny, yielded an hundred fold. No wonder then, that these shores were so much the object of Grecian migration, when such were their advantages. Onward with Æneas

Vivo prætervehor ostia saxo
Pantagiæ, Megarosque sinus. Tapsumque jacentem.*

VIRG. ÆNID. B. 3. l. 689.

Imitated.

* We by the rocky mouth
Of swift Pantagia, the Megarian bay,
And Tapfus lying low, pursue our way.

It

It is impossible to feel the propriety and descriptive force of *jacentem*, unless you could see Tapfus, which lies level with the sea, and answers precisely to Virgil's epithet. For this pleasure I am indebted to my friend, who perceived and shewed it to me. About two hours afterwards we arrived here.

I have now seen two of the three cities, namely, Rome and Syracuse, which of all others I most desired to visit. To behold the third (Athens) I would cheerfully have foregone both the former; but a tour of Greece seems to be opposed by so many obstacles, that I fear it never will be accomplished. What a place was this in its glory, when 22 miles in circumference: inhabited by 800,000 souls*: and enriched by every embellishment that commercial opulence, and the ingenuity of a Grecian people, could give it! how great must have been the strength of its fortifications, and

* Some say a million.

the military skill of its inhabitants, when for so many centuries it was deemed impregnable! Thucydides and Dionysius of Halicarnassus say, it was founded in the 11th olympiad, or 732 years before Christ, by Archias, a Corinthian, and descendant of Hercules. It was divided in four parts, Ortygia, Neapolis, Tycha and Achradina, from which, Pindar took occasion to call it, "Syracuse composed of great cities.*" The whole was originally confined to the first of these divisions; and it is again reduced within its former limits: but the ground work of the three others is still discernable, as they were erected upon a solid rock. The present appearance of Ortygia, (now an island) must be very different from what it has been: as the eye is every where offended in it with narrow streets and mean houses. Its new fortifications, however, pleased us. The two first objects, that particularly engaged our attention, were the remains of the temples of

* Μεγαλοπολις ἢ Συρακοσαι.

Diana and Minerva: the former of these goddesses was the tutelary deity of Syracuse, but more particularly of Ortygia; and you may thence infer, that her fane was singularly magnificent. The only parts of it that now stand are two marble columns above half buried in the ground; which we saw in a little dwelling of one of the poorest inhabitants. The remains of the latter were so considerable, that it has long since been converted into the duomo or cathedral. I forget the exact number of its fluted pillars, but I think I never saw any more finely proportioned, or with richer Corinthian capitals. And now I know you will be impatient to remain any longer in Ortygia, without hearing of the beautiful Arethusa; I shall therefore have recourse to Virgil, who must introduce her to you.

Sicanio prætenta sinu, jacet insula contra
Plemmyrium undosum, nomen dixere priores
Ortygiam; Alphæum, fama est, huc Elidis amnem
Occultas

Occultas egisse vias fubter mare, qui nunc
Ore Arethufa tuo, Siculis confunditur oris.*

VIRG. ÆN. B. 3. lin. 696.

I have lately been reading the eighth Idyllium of the 7th book of Theocritus upon this subject; but I am too busy to translate, or even to transcribe it. The fountain Arethufa is a clear stream (except when polluted, as it daily is, by the foul linen of Syracusan washerwomen) that runs from beneath Ortygia into the sea. The poets (you know) tell us, that Arethufa was the daughter of Nereus and Doris, and a nymph of Diana. To avoid the embraces of Alphæus, she fled from Greece to Sicily, where she was changed into a fountain, and her lover into a river, who, wishing to

Imitated.

- * In the Sicanian bay an island lies
Against those rocks that by Plemmyrium rise,
Of old Ortygia call'd, to which they say,
Thy stream, Alphæus, finds its secret way
From distant Elis, deep beneath the sea,
To mix, oh! Arethuse, that stream with thee.

mix

mix his water with hers, passed under the sea, and rose again in her channel, where they are now united. It is astonishing that so many wise men as Pausanias, Pliny the elder, &c. &c. should have supposed the water of this fountain to be the same as that of the river Alphæus in Peloponnesus; but so they did, and many believe it even now.

We have wandered all over Neapolis, Tycha, and Achradina, and discovered the remains of aqueducts : the ground-work of amphitheatres, and many foundations of buildings—once the greatest ornament of Syracuse. From Ortygia to the castle of Euryelus, or the northern extremity of this triangular city, the distance is eight miles. I not only traced out its ruins, but those also of Labdalum near the Epipolæ—names often mentioned by Thucydides, Plutarch, Livy, &c. &c. We could neither find the house of Timoleon, nor the sepulchre of Archimedes, which Cicero discovered ; but we saw the Latomiæ, or stone quarries in
which

which the Athenians, who were taken after the siege of Syracuse, were confined, and endured (as Thucydides observes) for 70 days all the evils that men, neglected and cooped up in such a place, could experience. I remember a little anecdote in Plutarch, relative to these unhappy soldiers, which has made a very strong impression upon my mind: to alleviate their slavery, they used to recite various passages of Euripides (for every Athenian was well educated, and a passionate lover of the drama) which so charmed their masters, that on being taught the same, they gave them their liberty; and sent them home to thank him, whose poetry had procured it. I am sure this is true, because I feel it to be natural, for Shakespear would have the same effect upon me, as Euripides had on the Syracusans. These *Latomie* are in the orangery of a Capuchin convent, into which we descended. Another of them is vulgarly called *l'Orecchio di Dionyzio*, or the ear of Dionysius; and from this circumstance. Above it is a chamber into which every
whisper

whisper from below is carried through a small flue, and heard distinctly. The story is, that the younger Dionysius used to confine the principal citizens in this place, that by this invention he might know what they said of him, and prevent conspiracies. But to this anecdote I give as much credit as I do to the submarine passage of Alphæus.

Credat Judæus, &c.

LETTER XXIV.

Syracuse, March 10.

A FEW years ago I read, with extreme pleasure, relations of the siege of Syracuse in Thucydides, and in the Nicias of Plutarch; but little thought at the time, that I should ever be so fortunate as to visit this interesting city; and sail and tread on those places, the mere description of which had so delighted me; yet this I have now done, and oh the pleasure I experienced in doing it!* Yesterday we hired a boat to survey the great port, and were rowed along the Lyfimelian marsh to the mouth of the Anapus, which is much narrower than I thought it was, but clear and deep. On its

* When I review this passage, it reminds me of those interesting lectures in Herodotus, Thucydides, Plutarch, &c. which, with a few other fortunate men, I received from that clear and profound scholar, Dr. Randolph, of Ch. Ch. Oxford.

banks is found the papyrus,—that old *Ægyptian* substitute for paper. Having landed upon the other side, we walked a quarter of a mile to an easy eminence, on which are two weather-eaten columns, the only remains of the famous temple of Olympian Jupiter. The Athenian General Nicias, from motives of religion, would not take possession of its treasures: but very different was the conduct of the younger Dionysius, as you will perceive from the following anecdote related by Valerius Maximus. In it stood a remarkable statue of the presiding deity, which was clothed with gold, made in imitation of robes. Of this dress Dionysius stript it, and in its place substituted a woollen garment; alleging that the former was too hot in summer, and too cold in winter; but that the latter was admirably calculated for all seasons. This too was the temple from which Verres was accused by Cicero of having stolen a divine image. A little to the south and south-east of it, lay the Athenian camp and fleet which besieged Syracuse.

cuse. As every particular of this great event was fresh in my memory, I felt extreme pleasure; though often obliged to walk in marshy ground up to my ankles: for the shores are precisely the same, as they were in the time when Thucydides describes them. Having searched in vain near an hour for some precious remnant of Athenian arms or armour, upon this most interesting spot; (where, had we found a rusty nail, it would certainly have been converted into the head of an arrow) we proceeded along the margin of the water to Plemmyrium. There, we endeavoured to trace the remains of its ancient castle; which the Athenians lost on the same day as they gained an advantage by sea. We then embarked, and landed on the little Rock-island opposite to it, where a trophy was erected in consequence of this advantage. From it we rowed across the Straits, in which the last engagement took place between the besiegers and besieged. By a series of adverse fortune the Athenians, instead of succeeding in their enterprize against Syracuse,

Syracuse, were reduced to the most deplorable situation ; and finally blocked up in the great harbour ; the entrance of which was guarded by the enemies' fleet to prevent their escape. In this situation, to avoid falling into the power of the Syracusans, they resolved on a final battle, with the view of forcing their passage ; the description of which in Thucydides I read and translated, or I should rather say collected the meaning of it, (for I pretend not to translate Thucydides) on the before-mentioned Rock-island. It is as follows.

* “ Whilst the sea-fight was equally supported, the soldiery of each side that lined the shore, felt a strong conflict and agitation of mind. The Syracusans eager of success, for an increase of glory ! the Athenians who attacked them, lest they should bring themselves into a situation worse than the present. As all depended

* See Thucydides, book 7, chapter 71.

ΟΤΙ ΕΚ ΤΗΣ ΓΗΣ ΠΕΡΙΣ ΑΜΦΟΤΕΡΩΝ, &c. &c.

“ upon their ships, their apprehension for
“ the event of the battle was great beyond
“ comparifon; and, confequently, their
“ view of it partial and unequal. The en-
“ gagement being near them, and all not
“ looking upon the fame part of it, if fome
“ perceived their friends fuccefsful, they
“ took courage, and intreated the deities not
“ to deprive them of that profpect of fafety
“ which prefented itfelf. But others, be-
“ holding their people worfted, expreffed
“ their fenfations by lamentation, and com-
“ plaint; being much more dejected at the
“ fpectacle than thofe who were defeated
“ in it. Others again viewing a part in
“ which victory was doubtful, from the
“ tumult of the combat; being as much
“ agitated in their bodies as their minds,
“ were thence feverely affected; for it
“ was always within a little whether they
“ fhould efcape or perifh. As long as the
“ hostile fleets fought with equal advan-
“ tage, in the Athenian army was heard a
“ confufed found of grief, of fhouting, of
“ conqueft, of defeat; and as many other
“ various

“ various cries, as a great military body in
“ imminent peril, would be induced to ut-
“ ter. Those in their fleet were moved in
“ like manner, until the Syracusans and their
“ allies (after the battle had lasted a confi-
“ derable time) repulsed the Athenians, and
“ manifestly gaining upon, pursued them
“ to the shore, encouraging each other with
“ repeated cheers. Then, as many of the
“ marines as were not taken disembarked
“ here and there, and fled in confusion to-
“ wards the camp; the soldiers who were
“ on shore, spectators of the combat, fol-
“ lowing their example; but, (bearing with
“ lamentation and groans the things which
“ had happened) they turned hastily to as-
“ sist the fleet, and to guard the remainder
“ of the fortifications, being urged to it by
“ one common impulse. The others (who
“ were the most considerable body) looked
“ only for immediate safety; the conster-
“ nation of all at that time being never ex-
“ ceeded at any former period.”

After this unsuccessful siege, the Syracusans considered their city impregnable, until they were convinced of the contrary by Marcellus, about two centuries subsequent to the former attempt. Livy's description of the conqueror's sentiments, when he found himself in the city, is, I think, one of the finest passages of history.

* “ When Marcellus (says he) had entered the walls, and from the more elevated parts of Syracuse, beholden the city, at that time reckoned among the most beautiful in the world, reduced; he is said to have wept over it; partly through joy of having succeeded in so great an enterprise, and partly from the recollection of its former fame. He called to mind the Athenian fleets that had been sunk: the two great armies, with both their famous generals, that had been destroyed: the several wars waged with such hazard against the Carthaginians: so many and

* Book 25, chapter 24.

fuch

“such opulent tyrants and kings, among
“whom Hiero of late memory, who above
“all those things which his virtue and
“good fortune had bestowed upon him, was
“remarkable for his liberality to the Ro-
“man people. When these reflections
“crowded upon his mind, followed by an-
“other, that the whole might in an instant
“be burnt, and reduced to ashes; before
“he moved his standard to Achradina, he
“sent to the Syracusans, who were hem-
“med in between the Roman lodgements,
“that he might persuade them, by gentle
“language, to surrender the city.” It was
on this fatal day that Archimedes was slain.
Even during the plunder of Syracuse, he
was found intent over certain mathematical
figures described by him on the ground;
and in that posture slain by a soldier, who
from not knowing him, deprived Marcellus
of the man whom he most wished to save,
and the world, of its greatest ornament.
Syracuse was the birth-place of many other
illustrious men; among whom was Theo-
critus, the prince of bucolic poetry. He
underwent

underwent a fate more severe than that of Archimedes, as Ovid, I should suppose, alludes to him in his Ibis, where he says,

- Utve Syracosio presticiâ fauce poetæ,
Sic animæ laqueo fit via clausa tuæ. 550th Lin.

One of the letters from the Dukes of San Clemente was addressed to the Cavalier Landolina; but he was not at home; however his son, a well-informed and accomplished young gentleman, shewed us much attention, and introduced us to the Governor and his lady. Our inn was a melancholy abode, which you will perceive when told, that the wind entered my bed-room by four different ways—through the window, the door, the floor, and the cieling, the walls still retained some slight remembrance of an ancient white wash; and the furniture of this goodly apartment consisted of a stool and a barrel; the last of which

Imitated.

- Or like the Syracusan poet's death,
So by a halter mayst thou lose thy breath.

in

in a scarce vintage made no bad substitute for a table. However our provisions were good. The environs of the city produce thirteen kinds of excellent muscadine wine; all which we had before us every day at dinner. Our Maltese speronara is come here, and we intend coasting in it from this place to the Pachynian promontory, *bodie* il Capo Passaro.

Terra Nuova, March 14:

WE sailed with a fresh wind from Syracuse, and in a few hours arrived at the mouth of the Falconara, or Asinarus of Thucydides, famous for the slaughter and capture of the Athenians under Nicias, who had endeavoured to effect a retreat, on the third day after the last fatal battle. "When they
" came (says the historian) to the banks of
" the river, they rushed disorderly into it,
" each desirous to be the first on the opposite side; whilst the enemy pressing upon
" them

“ them, made the passage more difficult
“ for being thus compelled to crowd for-
“ ward they stumbled over, and trampled
“ upon each other. Some too, falling upon
“ the points of their weapons, instantly pe-
“ rished ; and some, clinging in the water
“ to each other, fell, and were carried
“ away by the current. Many of the Syra-
“ cufans being drawn up on the farther
“ bank of the river, (which was steep and
“ lofty) flew with their darts the Athenians,
“ who were eagerly drinking the troubled
“ water from the palms of their hands ;
“ whilst the Peloponnesians, descending to
“ the stream, destroyed a still greater
“ number of them ; so that the river was
“ immediately corrupted. Yet did they
“ not drink the less, though thus polluted
“ with blood and dirt ; but even fought for
“ it one with another.”* This celebrated
stream answers exactly to the description of
Thucydides. The country about it is hilly,
and in all probability the same in general

* Thucydides, book 7.

appearance as it was at that time. Near the Afinarus is a venerable column erected by the Syracufans in memory of their triumph; and about four miles off, the town of Noto, or ancient Næetum. We continued our voyage under a press of sail to the Capo Passaro, from which we purposed passing over to Malta, but the wind (though with us) was so boisterous, and the sea so high, that it was impossible to attempt it in a speronara. Indeed, though sheltered by the coast, in making for Capo Passaro, the waves often broke over us, and almost filled our little boat with water; so that all were obliged to assist in baling to prevent her sinking. Before night we ran into a nook near the Cape, where we lay wet and comfortless till it was morning: but even then it was impossible to attempt the Straits of Malta—ninety miles across, as the gale was increased, and the sea rougher than the preceding evening. However, we sailed with much difficulty and danger 12 miles farther along the southern coast of Sicily, and entered a large port where we landed,
and

and walked up the country to a farm house of the Baron di Borgio, whose steward received and entertained us two days most hospitably, during which we waited for more moderate weather, but in vain ; so that (being straitened in time) we were obliged to give up our Maltese expedition, and continue our tour by land. Our host acted from genuine benevolence, for we attempted to make him a pecuniary compensation for our reception, but he refused the offer. At our departure he ordered two of the Baron's *campioni*, or field soldiers to attend us to the Capuchin convent at Spacca Furno ; where we lay that night, in consequence of his recommendation. You see, my dear Sir, that good men and hospitality are found in the remotest corner of Sicily, where the natural virtues of the people are for the most part sunk in avarice and the grossest superstition.

The next morning we departed at five o'clock, and rode slowly, through the only barren country we had as yet seen in the island,

island, to Modica. Our attention however found subjects of amusement in our muleteers; who drauled so much, and with such a variety of tone, that they seemed more to sing than to speak their language. From Modica we came to Comiso, along roads worse, if possible, than those upon the shattered sides of *Ætna*. There we descended from rocky and barren mountains into a rich and spacious plain, through which we travelled to this place (*Terra Nuova*) where we have been received at that common substitute for Sicilian inns, a Capuchin convent, the friars of which are most pleasant companions. To pronounce Pocock and Watkins was indeed far beyond their ability as linguists, but they soon hit upon an admirable alternative on hearing our christening names; for they called Mr. Pocock don Georgio, and me, don Tommaso. It is now midnight, and we mean to be off early to morrow. So farewell.

Gergenti,

Gergenti, March 15.

DELIGHTFUL is the country from Terra Nuova to the sea town of Alicata, where we breakfasted on bread, goats' milk, and honey; the last of these is as finely flavoured in this part of Sicily, as about Hybla. Though we have hitherto never wanted it since our departure from Messina, yet we mean to lay in a sufficient stock for the remainder of our tour. Upon the hill above Alicata was the city of Gela, built, according to Thucydides, by Antiphemus of Rhodes, and Entimus of Crete, forty-five years after Syracuse; and called, as most of the Sicilian cities were, from the river that runs under it. On leaving Alicata, we came to the little town of Palma, famous for its almonds; I, being better mounted than any of my company, left them behind me with intention of procuring lodgings at Gergenti against their arrival. The first part of the day was as fine as we could wish it,

it, but about four it began to rain violently, and continued to do so all the evening. Besides this, there was so thick a fog, that I could not perceive any thing either before, or on one side of me; however, I journeyed on, though ignorant of the country and roads. In less than an hour I was quite wet, and my situation was rendered still more disagreeable by the danger I incurred in crossing the torrents, which were extremely rapid and deep; when night came on, they were infinitely more formidable, it being so dark, that I could not have distinguished the way, had it not been for broad and frequent flashes of lightning; which, though in this instance serviceable, greatly increased the horrors of the night. The roads too were become so slippery, that my poor jaded mule frequently fell; yet, by good fortune, I lost my seat but once. Under these circumstances I ascended to Gergenti before I knew it. The first intimation I had of my near approach, was the tolling of a church bell, and I think I never heard a sound so pleasing. What was the harmony of Paesello at Naples to this? When I

had rode about the town for some time, I was received into a priest's house, who supplied me with dry clothes, and sent a person to wait for Mr. Pocock and the servants, who arrived about an hour after me; and happy were they to find so comfortable an habitation. We have had an excellent supper, for men so easily satisfied as we are, and sat an hour before a chearful wood fire, comparing our late situation with the present; which I feel with ten times the pleasure I otherwise should, because, as I am now writing, I often pause, and listen to the tempest that beats and roars without.*

Good night.

Gergenti, March 17.

ON going out the next morning, the command of prospect; or, what the Italians express better, by *il colpo d'occhio*, was without exception the most striking I ever saw:

* *Suave mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis,
E terra alterius longum spectare laborem.
Non quia vexari quenquam est jucunda voluptas,
Sed quibus ipse malis careas, quia cernere suave est.*

LUCRETIVS.

a painting

a painting of it by Claude Lorraine would be invaluable. From the modern town, which stands near the summit of a hill, we looked down upon a wide land country, inclosed, woody, and uneven—the scite of Agrigentum. About two miles from us were three temples in a line, but at some distance from each other; the beauties of which, as indeed of all this picturesque scene, were heightened by the lustre of the morning sun; beyond these is the sea upon the southern coast of Sicily.

Agrigentum was the largest and most populous city of this island, (Syracuse excepted) being 12 miles in circumference, and containing above 600,000 inhabitants. Thucydides says it was founded by a colony of Geloi, under Aristonous and Pythilus, and received its name from the Acragas, now called Il Draco, which flows near it. But Polybius observes, that both the river and city were called from the Greek words *ακρος*, which might signify most excellent, and *γη*, land; in allusion to the fertility of

the country. The citizens were as voluptuous as the Sybarites; from extreme elegance they fell into excess in drinking and banquetting, which gave occasion to a remark attributed to Plato, that the Agrigentines built their houses as if they should live for ever, and feasted as if to morrow would be their last. Indeed the temples, which I have just mentioned, are certain proofs of their magnificence, and love of architecture. At the eastern extremity of the city-wall next to the sea is that of Juno Lucina, or Juno presiding over child-birth, the greater part of which is still extant. Its order, like that of the other Agrigentine temples, and indeed of all in Sicily built by Dorian Greeks, is Doric. In it was a celebrated picture of the tutelary goddess, by Xeuxes, who, to paint a representation worthy of the Divinity, was permitted to select five of the most beautiful Agrigentine women; from whom, in a state of nature, he copied the finest members, and finished the piece to perfection. From this place we walked westward along the city wall,

(a solid

(a solid rock, in which the tombs of several soldiers, who had died in its defence, are formed) to the Temple of Concord, built at the expence of the Lilibitani, whom the people of Agrigentum had subdued in battle, as we collect from the following inscription still extant at Gergenti.

CONCORDIÆ AGRIGENTINORUM SA-
CRUM RESPUBLICA LILIBITANO-
RUM. DEDICANTIBUS M. ATTE-
RIO CANDIDO PROCOS. ET L.
CORNELIO MARCELLO. Q.
PR. PR.*

Its peristyle or exterior colonnade, architrave, frontispieces, and internal parts, are still entire; and models of truth and beauty in Doric architecture. The stones that compose it have acquired a yellow tinge, which gives the Ruin a mellow appearance, especially when the sun shines upon it. They

* Erected by the republic of the Lilibitani, as sacred to the concord of the Agrigentines; and dedicated by Marcus Atterius Candidus Proconsul, and Lucius Cornelius Marcellus Quintus, Proprætor.

are cut so as to lie firm and compact together, and therefore laid upon each other without cement. About half a mile farther to the west was the Temple of Hercules, of which one column only, of immense size, is now standing; but the area is covered with its ruins. Verres attempted to carry off a famous statue of its deity, but his soldiers were opposed by the guard of the temple, and afterwards repulsed by the people, who ran to protect it.

Zeuxes (as Pliny relates) gave the Agrigentines a picture of Hercules in his cradle strangling the serpents, which was preserved in this temple, and considered as inestimable. Below it was one of the city gates, and the grand entrance from the sea; on the other side of this gate stood the superb fane of Olympian Jupiter. Its fallen parts are of such magnitude, that the common people call it the Giants' Palace; indeed had I found it on the sides of *Ætna*, I had, perhaps, thought so. Diodorus mentions it as the largest temple of Sicily.

Its

Its length was 340 feet, its breadth 60, and its elevation, exclusive of the basis, 120. But what is this to St. Peter's at Rome? The relief of the eastern fronton represented the war of Jupiter and the Giants; and that of the posticus, the ruins of Troy wonderfully sculptured. A little beyond this are the remains of Æsculapius's temple; wherein was a statue of Apollo, by the celebrated Myron. Besides these, we saw some slight remains of other temples, namely, of Proserpine, of Vulcan, of Castor and Pollux, together with the tomb of Theron, whose praises Pindar has so sublimely chanted as a victor in the olympic games. We beheld likewise other ruined monuments, supposed to be erected in honour of horses—a custom peculiar to the Agrigentines, theirs being a remarkable breed.

Arduus inde Acragas ostentat maxima longē
Mœnia, magnanimū quondam generator equorum.*

ÆND. iii. lin. 704.

Imitated.

* Next the great wall of Acragas succeeds,
Of Acragas once fam'd for gen'rous steeds.

E 4

The

The government of this city has at different periods been monarchical and republican. Phalaris, a Cretan, whose cruelty and justice are so strongly pourtrayed in the anecdote of Peryllus and his brazen Bull, was the first king or tyrant. About 150 years after his reign, Theron acquired the sovereignty, and by a wise and prosperous administration proved himself deserving of it. He was succeeded by his son Thrasydeus, who, being every way unworthy of his situation, was deposed, and expelled from Agrigentum. With him ended the dynasty; and soon after the city became subject to the Carthaginians, who, in the first Punic war, were dispossessed by the Romans, after a siege of seven months. Agrigentum was the birth-place of many great men; among whom was the celebrated philosopher Empedocles, together with Gelius and Antisthenes, both remarkable for their unbounded and well-directed liberality. Never was any country more fruitful than this, being formerly the granary of Carthage, and of all the northern shores
of

of Africa, except Egypt, which made it so commercial, so opulent, and so populous. Even in its present neglected state it exports a considerable quantity of corn, which produces the finest flour I ever saw. Indeed all its productions are equal to those of the eastern coast of this happy island, if I except wine, which is very inferior. We perceived the difference at Capo Passaro. Gergenti, or the modern town, has nothing in it that deserves attention, but the cathedral, in which we saw a sarcophagus of great beauty.

Mazzara, March 19.

UPON leaving Gergenti, we descended to its port, about four miles off, which we found defended from the surge by a strong mole, and commodiously formed for shipping. Thence we passed through a country, which, though rocky, produces considerably more than the consumption of its inhabitants to the little town of Siculiana, where

where we staid an hour to feed our mules, and to refresh ourselves with dried fruits and wine. Then proceeding slowly (for it is impossible to hurry through scenes so enchanting as these are) we arrived in the evening at the Capuchin convent of Fiacca, the ancient Thermæ, in which Agathocles, tyrant of Syracuse, was born. The good monks procured us some pigeons for our late dinner, which in this country are so much superior to any I have ever eaten, that they seem a different kind of bird. They are as large as growse, as fat as ortolans, and so agreeable to the taste, that if some of our English epicures were to feed upon them, they would probably eat themselves to death. The next morning our Padre Guardiano, or principal of the convent, procured, but not without much trouble, mules for our journey; on which we departed. Whilst the guide staid to feed them (which is always done at mid-day) I walked on to a bridge over the river Belici, at which I was asked for toll by a female figure, whom I took for the nymph
of

of the stream, as Arethusa herself was not more beautiful. Her complexion was a dark brown : her eyes and hair black : her features most harmonious : and her form slender and graceful. When I had paid the demand, we entered into conversation ; and oh ! never did I hear bad language so prettily spoken. Her uncle, with whom she lived, was a fisherman, and was then, as she told me, gone down the river to take up his nets. In about half an hour he returned with a basket of fish, which I bought at an exorbitant price, because, when I counted out the money to the man, my eyes were fixed upon his lovely niece. Had there been among the 600,000 inhabitants of Agrigentum but one such woman as this, when Zeuxes painted his Juno, the single model would have been amply sufficient, or rather too much ; *for she is more than painting can express.* Not far from this ever memorable place are three ruined temples, the only remains of Selinuntum. I am induced to believe that Diodorus was mistaken, when he said, that the temple of Olympian

Olympian Jupiter, at Agrigentum, was the largest in Sicily; for the enormous parts of these persuade me of the contrary. They were situated on a gentle eminence not far from the sea: their architecture was Doric; the two next the water being built with fluted columns, and the third or largest, with plain; except in the two fronts, where they were also fluted. You may conceive the magnitude of these edifices, when I tell you, that on measuring the shafts of the columns, we found the circumference of the largest to be 30, and of the others 26 feet. The great temple was dedicated to Jupiter Forensis, by what we collect from the 46th chapter of the 5th book of Herodotus.

The city was founded by Pammilus, and a colony from Hybla. It was named from the Greek word *Παρσλειον*—Parsley, which was and still is a very common herb in this country. Soon after the unsuccessful enterprise of the Athenians against Syracuse, it was taken and destroyed by the Carthaginians,

ginians, under the first Hannibal. He landed at Lilybæum with 100,000 men, and marched immediately to the siege of this rich and populous city ; which he attacked in two places, with wooden towers higher than the walls ; on which were fixed heavy battering rams, defended by slingers and archers. This manner of assault was not less terrible than new ; however the Selinuntines resisted it with all their power, because they were aware that the security of themselves, their wives, their children, and their temples, depended upon their defence. There was no medium between liberty and slavery. The old men and women of all ranks were continually employed in carrying weapons to their sons and husbands on the ramparts, and in supplying them with food ; but all exertions were vain. The Carthaginians, being, from their great numbers, frequently relieved by each other in the attack, broke down the wall on the ninth day of the siege and poured like a torrent into the city, cutting down every thing that

that opposed them. They soon filled the streets and houses; when all the horrors, that the avarice and lust of rapacious barbarians could produce, succeeded. Many of the Selinuntine women, who were remarkable for their elegance, and delicacy, fled during this tempest to the temples; and these Hannibal spared, fearful, lest if driven to extremities, they should set fire to the buildings, and consume the rich treasures they contained, together with themselves. But this boon of life was more terrible than death; for, exclusive of the injuries they received in their persons from a licentious soldiery, they had to lament the loss of kindred and country, and to anticipate their future slavery in Africa. Great intercession was made with Hannibal not to destroy this superb city, but to no purpose; for he ordered his soldiers to raze the whole; and, at his departure, left it an immense mass of ruin. On quitting Selinuntum we were soon benighted; and had a journey of three hours before us, which was lengthened to five, in consequence

quence of our having made a considerable circuit, from a ford on the road being impassable. This journey, though less dangerous, was to the full as tedious as that upon the sides of *Ætna*; for we did not arrive at this place (*Mazzàra*) before midnight; when we found our spiritual friends at the Capuchin convent too fast asleep to be wakened. We were therefore obliged to seek a lodging elsewhere; which we at length found in a wretched pot house. Here we dressed the fish I had bought upon the banks of *Belici*; and having supped on them, were conducted to the *loft*; where we found a straw bed, and two or three rugs, which we occupied till eight o'clock this morning.

LETTER

LETTER XXV.

Trapani, March 20, 1788.

MAZZARA, being a town of Saracen construction, had no object in it to detain us. We had a strong inclination when there to cross the Mediterranean, and visit the ruins of Carthage; but this transmarine ardour was completely damped upon hearing that we could not return to Sicily without performing quarantaine; we therefore pursued our tour to Marsala, the ancient Lilybæum, which stood near the promontory once of this name, but now called Capo Boco.

Et vada dura lego faxis Lilybæia cæcis.*

ÆN. 3. lin. 706.

Imitated.

* And now the Lilybæan rocks I coast
Hid in the sea.

It

It is well built, and carries on no inconsiderable trade. In its cathedral are two colonnades of ancient marble pillars, which we much admired. We continued our journey the same evening through a flat and fruitful country near the sea, and, about sun-set, arrived at the Franciscan convent, under the walls of this city.

Trapani stands on a peninsula which bends like a scythe, whence it was called Drepanon from the Greek, now corrupted into Trapani. It is strongly fortified, and not ill built. Its population (as I am informed) exceeds 4500 inhabitants; and the trade is greater than that of any city in Sicily, except Palermo; consisting principally in salt and coral, considerable quantities of which are exported in British bottoms for different countries. Edward the first of England landed twice in this port, both in going to, and in coming from Palæstine. It was here he received intelligence of his father's death in 1272; and here too it was that Æneas lost Anchises. Though I dis-

like the general character of this Trojan Prince, it is impossible not to admire his filial piety; indeed my affection for you induces me to be partial to all who are grateful to their parents. Virgil must have been so, or he never could have put such expressions of recollection and tender regard in the mouth of his hero.

Hinc Drepani me portus, et illætabilis ora
Accipit hinc pelagi tot tempestatibus actus,
Heu ! Jenitorem omnis curæ casusq; levamen
Amitto Anchisen, hinc me pater optume fessum
Deferis heu ! tantis nequicquam erepte periclis *.

ÆN. 3. lin. 711.

Within a mile of Trapani is the celebrated Mount Eryx, so called from Eryx, the son

Imitated.

* Here Drepanum's sad port receives me, cross

By fate severe, and many a tempest tost.

Here I Anchises lose, my fire—my friend,

In whom my every trouble found an end.

Oh here you leave your weary son to mourn

Your loss, best parent ! then in vain safe borne

From burning Troy, from Greeks and slaughter torn.

of

of Butes, by Licaſta, a Sicilian courteſan of ſuch uncommon beauty, that after her death ſhe was worſhiped as Venus Erycina. Her temple ſtood for many ages upon this hill; remarkable for its magnificence, and the high veneration in which it was univerſally holden. When Æneas landed in Sicily, he founded the city of Eryx and Egeſta. You may recollect, that in the fifth book of Virgil, Aceſtes incites his friend Entellus to the ceſtus-combat, by the mention of this Eryx; who was their former maſter, and the opponent of Hercules.

———— Ubi nunc nobis deus ille magiſter
Nequicquā memoratus Eryx? ubi fama per omnem
Trinacriam, &c.* ———

ÆN. v. lin. 392.

This temple was as much revered by the Carthaginians, as by the natives of Sicily. The Romans enriched it with ſtatues of

- * Where then is now our God, our maſter's name
Eryx in vain remember'd? where the ſame
That through Trinacria ſpread, &c.?

gold, of silver, and of ivory ; and as late as the reign of Tiberius, it was (according to Suetonius) repaired by that Emperor. Virgil must have been at Trapani ; for the rock which he notices as the goal in his ship race is there ; and exactly answers to his description against it.

*Est procul in pelago saxum, &c.**

Alcamo, March 21.

FROM this most interesting country we travelled through an inland part of Sicily, to the site of Egesta, or Segesta, founded (as I have before observed) by Æneas, and so called in honour of his friend Acestes, whom he left there with the old men, wo-

* Far out at sea there is a rock, &c.

men,

men, and children of the fleet. Nautes thus advises him——

Longævosque fenes, ac fessas æquore matres,
Et quicquid tecum invalidum, metuensque pericli est,
Delige; et his habeant terris, sine, mænia fessi:
Urbem appellabunt, permisso nomine Acestem*.

ÆN. v. lin. 718.

We beheld the foundations of many noble edifices, and the remains of a theatre. But that which principally engaged our attention was a temple, the most entire I ever saw. Its order is Doric: the peristyle consists of 36 columns;—six in each front, and 12 on each side. The dimensions, exclusive of the basement, are 174 feet by 70. It is thought to have been sacred to Ceres, which I should not have supposed from the present face of the surrounding country, it being mountainous and romantic; however,

Imitated.

- * Old men and matrons weary of the sea,
And all who feeble are, or dangers flee,
Select; and build for these a town well wall'd,
That shall be (if approv'd) Acesta call'd,

its rude appearance adds greatly to the beauty of the scene. From Segesta we came to this place, Alcamo, having loitered some time to view two distant prospects of the sea, the island of Ustica, &c. and to examine eight or nine small buildings on the road, called chapels, which were erected for the souls of certain unhappy travellers, who had, at different times, been assassinated there. This little town happily contains an inn, in which we have ordered a dinner that will make amends for the many spare meals we have had upon our Sicilian circumambulation.

Palermo, March 31.

THE country between Alcamo and Palermo is the most mountainous we have seen in Sicily; but richly clothed with groves of ancient olive trees, and full of clear brooks and fountains. Our views were much confined, until we entered the main road

road of Palermo; from which, at the little town of Monreale, we looked down upon the capital of Sicily, and its charming vicinity; the one grand and extensive, being, in consequence of its numerous population, surrounded by large suburbs: The other diversified by groves of olive, fig and orange trees, and a variety of villas and gardens. Behind all these objects of admiration, is that spacious bay, from the naval advantages of which, the city, formerly called Panormus, or *πανορμος*, took its name. Its population, which exceeds 200,000 souls: the regularity and beauty of its construction: the number and magnificence of its nobility, put it upon a level with the proudest cities of Europe. The streets are broad, and well paved, particularly the two principal, which bisect each other at right angles. When I walk through them at night, the throng of people, the brilliancy of the shops, and the many carriages which are continually passing and repassing, remind me of London. The port crowded with shipping, is at the western extremity of the

city ; at the eastern the sea washes a terrace called La Marina, with which it is impossible not to be in raptures. There, about sunset, the nobility assemble in their carriages (many of which are English) for the air (or, as they call it, *il fresco*) and conversation. At the end of this terrace are public gardens laid out with much taste in orange and lemon tree alleys, and ornamented with fountains, averies, &c. &c. We were one day conducted from those gardens to the church-yard of San Spiridio, within half a mile of Palermo ; where the Sicilian vespers, that general massacre of the French, who had settled in the island with Charles of Anjou, commenced in the year 1282. It was occasioned by the unjust government of this prince, and the unrestrained licentiousness of his countrymen, which excited the hate and vengeance of the Sicilian nation. John of Procida, a nobleman of great interest, whose wife Charles had violated, concerted the plot with others of equal power ; and by them, when every thing was adjusted, it was determined

terminated that the tolling of the bells for evening prayers, on the 30th of March, should be the signal of attack through all the island. From this circumstance it was called the Sicilian vespers. The governor of Palermo, William de St. Remie, suspecting the citizens to be secretly armed (which was expressly forbidden) sent his officers to search them; who, coming to this church-yard, in which many were assembled, treated the women with great indecency. One Drouhet thrust his hand into the bosom of a young lady, and her cries brought on the execution of the plot, in which murder was the sole thought and business of a nation. They killed not only all the men in the island, but (horrible to relate) their wives and children, so that before the end of April 25,000 had been massacred. And yet I should not have said *all* the men; for even in the height of their exterminating fury, when no distinction of character could be expected, they spared William de Porcelets, and Philip Scalambre. *The virtues of these men protected them*; for when the crimes of their

their countrymen had rendered them intolerable, their justice and humanity forced a whole people, stirred up to phrenzy against their nation, to respect, to love, and to spare them. History should commemorate *such characters*, for they would constitute her chief ornament. They are far more respectable than those of the greatest conquerors, whose fame, or rather infamy, is too often founded upon the destruction of their species.

Some letters from Naples introduced us to Prince Caramanico the viceroy, and to the Countess Ventimigla. His Excellency was some time the Neapolitan minister in England, where he acquired a very strong partiality for the country and its people; of which he has given an ample indication by his attention. At a public dinner, the most sumptuous I ever saw, the plate being *gold*, he made us sit on each side of him; and was extremely assiduous in helping us to several delicacies of his table. After the desert, he led the company into a saloon at
the

the end of his castle, and over one of the city gateways; the view from which includes all the beauties of Palermo, its bay and neighbourhood.

Though much flattered by the attention of the Viceroy, yet, believe me, it has not influenced my judgment, when I tell you that he is one of the best bred, and best informed men I know. His easy manners and liberality make him an object of general affection, so that few of his predecessors have been so popular as he is. We were also well received by the Countess Ventimigla, and her relative the Cavalier Palermo; who introduced us at the Acadèmia, which we thought more brilliant than that of Naples. We there beheld a scene, which I hope never to see in England. A gentleman making love to a lady in defiance of her husband; who, though restless and torn with jealousy, was too fearful of the company's ridicule to interfere. His wife's *cara amico* has been long apprehensive of his vengeance, to obstruct which, he has hired
two

two *vapos* to protect him from assassination. This is a business peculiar to Palermo. The men who undertake it, are strong, courageous, and well armed. They always accompany their employer; never permitting any suspicious person to approach him. Whenever he is in his carriage, they are behind it; whenever he enters a house, they wait without, or at the door of a chamber, if necessary. Such is the invention of a people whose occupation is gallantry; whose revenge is death.

I begin now to think, that in Italy and Sicily murder is not accounted a crime; at least it is generally committed with impunity. Yesterday I saw a gallows erected in Palermo, and surrounded by a multitude of people. I had just pushed through the crowd to it, when instead of seeing a poor terrified wretch dragged to execution, I beheld a handsome young fellow, dressed in white like a bridegroom, and surrounded by his friends; who walked under the gallows, and immediately returned with him. Pray,
Sir,

Sir, (said I to a person who stood near me) what has he done? his answer was, “niente ch’un omicidio poveretto; viddè passar il suo uscio, uno, che l’aveva offeso, e lo schioppò, quelle è tutto.”*

The weather is now warm, but what must it be in summer, when the hot wind of the Sirocco scorches all who venture into it?

I shall close this tour of Sicily with some general remarks upon the country, which I have reserved for this letter. Its form is triangular, the three angles being the promontories of Pelorum, Pachynum, and Lilybæum, or as they are now called, the Faro, Capo Passaro, and Capo Boeo. Its circuit is between five and six hundred miles. When it was conquered by the Saracens, they divided it in three parts or

* Nothing but simple homicide, poor fellow; he saw one who had offended him pass by his door, and shot him. That’s all.

valleys;

valleys ; namely, the Val di Demona, Val di Noto, and Val di Mazzàra. From the earliest periods of antiquity, that is, as far back as we have any written memorial of things, it was remarkable for its fertility, and thence called by Homer the Island.

*† Tagorizale Hebræorum**

The time of its greatest prosperity was from the siege of Syracuse by the Athenians to the Carthaginian conquests. Then, and long after, it supplied with grain in years of scarcity all the countries upon the Mediterranean, except Egypt and the coasts of Asia. Even now, under all the impediments of superstition and bad government, its productions are, in quantity and quality, the best in Europe. Of the vegetable are grain, wines, oil, fruits, tobacco, mulberry trees for the silk-worm, cotton, medicinal roots, and sugar canes. The last of these flourish near Avola and Merilli. They are of an inferior quality to those of the West-Indies,

* Of the sun-delighting mortals.

but

but their sugar is sweeter than any other. The animal production is similar to that of Italy, but the horned cattle are a smaller breed. The coasts abound with fish, particularly with tunney and anchovies; the export of which forms a very lucrative branch of commerce. There are mines of silver, copper, and lead, but none are worked. Near Palma are beds of the best sulphur: at the mouth of the river Giaretta is found a yellow amber, preferable to that of the Baltic; and in every part of the island quarries of marbles, that have furnished materials for all the noble edifices of Sicily. The most beautiful are in the neighbourhood of Palermo, particularly the yellow, and those that resemble the verde antique, porphyry, and lapis lazuli. The population of the island amounts to 1,300,000 souls; not as much again as the single city of Syracuse formerly contained.

Adieu, I shall leave this charming country with regret, and Italy in tears.

Naples,

Naples, April 14.

WE went to Sicily in a speronara; we left it in a felucca. The former I have already described to you: the latter is a large open boat with two masts. Though three days on our voyage, the time did not seem tedious, being employed in reading, writing, and (at intervals) in eating oranges, with which the felucca was laden. On the second night after our departure the sailors descried an eruption of Vesuvius, the light of which was discernible at the distance of 26 leagues from it. The next evening, on entering the bay of Naples, we saw large quantities of combustibles thrown up with terrible explosions from the crater; and, as the breeze was light, sailed gently under the mountain, conversing upon a subject which this interesting spectacle naturally introduced—the death of the elder Pliny. At one in the morning our felucca anchored within the mole of Naples. We arose at
seven,

seven, and having delivered our bill of health at the office, walked immediately to our former lodgings, where, over a comfortable English breakfast of tea, &c. we congratulated each other on our safe return after a tour, of which the fatigue was great, but the amusement infinitely greater. Absence rendered our society at Naples (if possible) more agreeable than before. The happy hours I passed in it have made too strong an impression upon my mind to be ever forgotten, or indeed ever remembered without a mixed sensation of pleasure and regret: of pleasure, from the recollection of what has happened, and of regret, from the knowledge, that when once absent from the place, I perhaps am absent for ever. The eruption of Vesuvius having increased considerably since our arrival, I was induced to make that mountain a second visit with the marquis Claudio Arezzo, brother of the charming San Clemente. We left Naples late in the evening (the night being the best season for beholding such scenes) and began the ascent about ten o'clock, which we

found extremely difficult, though our guides carried torches before us. When we had mounted within five hundred yards of the crater, which every now and then discharged to a great height burning cinders, stones, &c. we came to the place where the liquid lava burst out of the mountain with impetuosity, and ran down in a slow thick stream not less than two miles in length, and twenty feet in breadth. It was so hard, that with difficulty I could force the end of a large stick into it, even at the source; yet this I did, and took up a small quantity, which I shall keep as a curiosity for you. We sat near it till day-break, and never did I behold any thing so dreadfully sublime; the pale glimmering of the fire upon the shattered sides of the mountain presented a scene that answered precisely to Milton's description of hell;

" ——— from those flames

" No light, but rather darkness visible

" Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,

" Regions of sorrow, doleful shades."

PAR. LOST. B. I. lin. 65.

But

But what a contrast did the rising sun produce, which enabled us to look down upon Naples, its bay, and the Campagna felice ! within two hours and a half, we beheld one of the most terrible and one of the most pleasing sights in nature ; the transition of which seemed like the passage from the Tartarean to the Elysean fields. Mr. Pocock was engaged, and therefore prevented from being of our party ; but he ascended the next night, and came back as much astonished as I was. Since our return from Sicily we have seen the famous Colossean statues of Flora, and the Farnesian Hercules. Though wonderful productions of sculpture, they did not answer my expectations. The drapery of the former, and the gigantic anatomy of the latter, merit all praise, but I must join in the general objection to the weary attitude of the Hercules.

Your knowledge of history must long ago have persuaded you that it is less a narrative of the people of different countries, than of

the wars waged by their Sovereigns to gratify their own ambition or resentment. It ought to be descriptive of the *progress* of humanity, it is, of its *destruction*. I have lately been reading the history of Naples, and am as much as ever of the same opinion upon this subject. After the fall of the Roman empire this country was seized by the Ostrogoths and Visigoths, who were succeeded by the eastern Emperors and the Lombards. Some years after the establishment of the latter, numerous bodies of the Saracens, allured by the fertility of the country, entered it; and by their valour would soon have dispossessed the inhabitants, had not a new people appeared, whose prowess was superior to theirs. At the commencement of the eleventh century, when the characteristic qualities of the northern nations of Europe were valour and superstition, a company of Normans on their return from pilgrimage to Palæstine stopped at Salerno (as it was the custom of the times) for the purpose of devotion. Being persuaded by the promise of reward to enter
into

into the service of the Dukes of that country, they assisted them with such courage and success, that many of their countrymen were in consequence invited over, who formed a large military establishment: among these were the twelve sons of Tancred, a gentleman of Hauteville. They, with the troops under their command, not only expelled the Saracens, but dispossessed the Dukes themselves of their territories; and Robert Guiscard the fifth son, whose power and intrepidity were so eminent, that in his epitaph he was stiled, *The terror of the world*, effected, jointly with his youngest brother Roger, the conquest of Sicily. All these provinces were united under the government of Roger the second, son of the first of that name. This prince was in 1130 crowned king of Sicily, Apulia, and Calabria, by the Cardinal Conti sent from Anacletus, who then disputed the papacy with Innocent the II^d. About sixty years after this event the Norman family became extinct by the death of William II. and was succeeded by the Emperor, Henry VI.

duke of Suabia. The countries of Naples and Sicily (for they were not called the two Sicilies before the reign of Alphonso the Vth) continued in this line until the death of Conrad the IVth. Innocent the IVth, who unremittingly pursued the papal system of enlarging the Holy See, took advantage of his son Conradin's minority, and endeavoured to annex his dominions to the patrimony of St. Peter; but was prevented by Mainfroy, Prince of Tarento, the young king's guardian; who first routed his armies, and then treated his anathemas with contempt. Upon a false report of Conradin's death, Mainfroy, whose virtue and wisdom had recommended him to the prelates and nobility, was elected to the Crown; which he determined to hold for his life. Urban the IVth, successor of Innocent, knowing that his own power was insufficient to depose him, offered Naples and Sicily to Richard Earl of Cornwall, brother to Henry the IIIrd of England; and upon his refusal, to Charles of Anjou, who accepted it; he coming there with a large
army

army routed Mainfroy, and took possession of the whole kingdom, including Sicily. His conquest occasioned the pretensions of the French kings, Charles the VIIIth, Lewis the XIIth, Francis the Ist, and Henry the II. to these countries, and their consequent wars; but the policy and power of their competitors Ferdinand the Catholic, the Emperor Charles the Vth, and his son Philip, prevailed against them, and annexed the two Sicilies to the Spanish monarchy, part of which they continued to be until the famous war of succession was concluded by the peace of Utrecht in 1713. The British cabinet, whose will in that treaty was absolute, determined that these territories should be no longer subject to Spain, but ceded to the Emperor, and to the Duke of Savoy—Naples to the former, and Sicily to the latter. Lewis the XIVth, indeed, wished to recompense his ally the duke of Bavaria with the last of these countries; but England declaring this demand to be a *sine qua non*, he was forced to submit. In 1718 the duke of Savoy, or new king of Sicily,

was obliged to exchange this island for Sardinia with the emperor : but it remained only sixteen years under the imperial government, as in 1734 both Naples and Sicily were conquered by the Infant Don Carlos, and his general the Count di Montemare ; and in 1736 he was acknowledged by the emperor, and by all the states of Europe, king of the two Sicilies. Upon the death of his brother Ferdinand the Vith. he ascended the throne of Spain, and was succeeded in that of Naples by his third son Ferdinand, the present monarch ; the second being declared prince of Asturias, as the eldest was judged incapable of reigning.

There are no laws or conditions of government to controul the authority of his Neapolitan majesty. Until the year 1642 there were parliaments of the nobility and commons, but they were then abolished as unnecessary, or in reality as a check upon despotism. In spiritual matters the Pope has greater power at Naples, than in any country that acknowledges his supremacy
(his

(his own dominions excepted) and what is very remarkable, in Sicily he has less than in any other ; this happens in consequence of a bull which Roger, the brother of Robert Guiscard, compelled Pope Urban the II^d. to grant in 1098, declaring him and his successors legates of the holy see in Sicily. It has been more than once attempted by the sovereign pontiffs to revoke this privilege, which militates so much against their hierarchy, but they never have succeeded, and I may safely add they never will.

LETTER XXVI.

Rome, April 22, 1788.

ON our return to this city we found many of our countrymen ; some of whom came to Rome (as I should suppose) for no other purpose than to tell their acquaintance in England they had seen St. Peter's, for they have been here only three weeks, and are now going post to Naples, where they may remain nine days, or perhaps a fortnight.* During our second residence here we have often revisited its most interesting ruins, paintings, and sculpture. Among the last I forgot to mention the Santa Sufanna, a statue in the little church of the Madona di Loretto, by Du

* But many English gentlemen passed the winter in Italy. We often met in society the Lords Clifden, Belgrave and Grey, Messrs. De la Beche, Baring, Crespigny, Watley, Wedgewood, Wheeler, and our modern Juvenal, the admirable author of the Baviad.

Quesnoy,

Quesnoy, a name much too harsh for Italian pronunciation, wherefore he is called Il Fiammingo, or the Fleming. I think this the first piece of modern sculpture that exists; infinitely superior to the extravagant figures of Michael Angelo, or to the quaint productions of Bernini. Michael Angelo was, (if I may so say) a Goth of immoderate genius in sculpture, and Fiammingo a Greek with equal powers, but a more chaste or correct taste. The works of the former astonish, but are very defective: Those of the latter charm, and are almost faultless. In the countenance of the Santa Susanna is a holy and a rapturous sweetness, which inspired me with that same mixture of awe and delight as did the face of Raphael's St. Cecilia at Bologna. I think the idea of this statue is taken from that picture, as the resemblance is very striking. There is now an artist at Rome, named Canova, who, though inferior to Fiammingo, ranks among the first of modern sculptors. His genius was happily discovered by the Cavalier Giuliane, a noble Venetian,

Venetian, who sent him to Rome, where the Apollo, the Laocoon, the Gladiators, the Antinous, il Torso, &c. &c. ripened his genius, and raised him to eminence. He erected the mausoleum of Ganganelli, a work of superior merit.

We had lately the honour of being presented to the Pope by Mr. Jenkins, with half a dozen of our countrymen. Having waited some time in an anti-chamber, we were conducted into his bed room—a narrow and dark apartment, with shabby furniture, and a little tent bed. In a few minutes we went into another room, where we found him in his dressing gown. Having learnt from Mr. J. that some of us spoke Italian, he conversed in that language on our national partiality to hunting, and wished to know in what the English manner differed from the Roman; unfortunately the gentlemen, who were most acquainted with the subject, were the least conversant in Italian, but he perceived the embarrassment, and politely shifted the conversation.

versation to the villa Borghese, which we acknowledged (seemingly much to his satisfaction) was the first thing of the kind we had ever seen. At our departure he sent us to look at a fine picture which he had lately purchased. I believe I have before told you that he is a very handsome man for his age*; I can now add, that his manners are as pleasing as his person. Many a simple 'squire in England is prouder of his title, than he is of his papacy; which is the more to be admired, when considered that he was raised from obscurity to eminence: from an humble priest to a sovereign pontiff. Since our arrival we have frequently been with the amiable old Cardinal de Bernis, and assisted at several assemblies, &c. The marchioness Vittoria Lepri is very musical; we were last night at her concert, the harmony of which

"Could raise a mortal to the skies,

"Or draw an angel down."

* He was born in 1717, and elected Pope in 1775.

Venice, May 5.

ON Thursday, April the 24th, we dined, for the last time, with the Cardinal de Bernis, and left Rome the same evening by the road of Loretto. At the first post we happily prevented a murder. One of our couriers pistols was stolen, and being found upon a fellow who occasionally frequented the house, it so enraged the post master, that he drew his knife, and assuredly would have stabbed him, had we not secured his arms, until the other had escaped by leaping out of the window. We travelled all night, and the next morning found ourselves in one of the most delightful countries of Italy, between the territories of the Sabines and Umbrians,—those formidable rivals of infant Rome. As I looked about us, many descriptive passages in Virgil, Horace, Sylvius Italicus, and Claudian, came fresh into my memory, or, if imperfectly recollected, we could refer to these authors,

authors, and also to many other, as the carriage is quite a rolling library. We were delayed an hour at Narni to see the superb ruins of a Roman bridge over the Nera, or ancient Nar, which has the very same appearance as Virgil describes by

Amnis

*Sulphureâ Nar albus aquâ, &c. &c.**

ÆN. vii. lin. 517.

This bridge was built in the reign of Augustus, with large pieces of white marble, laid together without cement. It consisted of three arches, one of which only remains, but this, a sufficient memorial of its ancient grandeur. The elevation is so considerable, as to be even with the tops of two high hills through which the river passes, and the width is (as I am told) 267 feet. From Narni we came to Terni, called by the Romans Interamna, whence we went three miles and a half out of our road to see the

* The Nar with sulphurous water white.

cascata delle marmore, a waterfall, in comparison of which, those of Switzerland are mere spouts. We ascended a hill of great height, along the summit of which is a channel cut through a rock in the year of Rome 480, by Marcus Curius Dentatus, to divert the course of the Velino, and to prevent it from overflowing the valley Rieti. This channel, through which the stream runs with great force, is shaded by a thicket of evergreens. We stood on the brow of the hill, and saw with wonder the entire body of the river rush fearfully over it, and dash in irregular direction down its projecting sides, falling into the woody valley beneath—a depth of 1340 feet, which is superior even to that of the Niagara. The spar of the broken water appears like a cloud, and spreads itself in a continual dew upon the adjacent country.

We continued near an hour over this stupendous cataract before we descended to the valley, from which the view of it was more beautiful, but less terrible. Between

Turin

Terni and Loretto the country is quite a Paradise ; particularly the vale of Perugia. We lay one night on the road, and were not otherwise detained except at Foligno, to see in the chapel of a convent a much damaged picture of the incomparable Raphael. It will I fear soon be lost, for what presumptuous hand shall attempt to repair the injuries which time and neglect have done to the works of Raphael ? The situation of Loretto is delightful : the town stands upon a hill in a part of Italy, the beauties of which are innumerable, and about four miles from the Adriatic. On our arrival, like two faithful pilgrims, we went to the *santa Casa*, or Holy House. This religious magnet is (as they tell you) the birth place of the Virgin Mary, in which the Annunciation and Incarnation of Jesus Christ took place. From Nazareth it was carried by Angels into Dalmatia, where it remained two or three years ; when it was again taken up, and brought into the Marche of Ancona ; finally its celestial porters placed it in the middle of a broad street

at Loretto, and that *virtuous* Pontiff Pope Boniface the Eighth, not only cased it with marble, but erected a cathedral over it. What a scandalous mockery of our religion! In it, is a statue of the Virgin (which they assured us was made by St. Luke) covered with precious stones, or at least an admirable imitation of them; for they say that many of the originals have been converted into money. From the *santa Casa* we were conducted into the treasury, a large room surrounded with shelves, before which are folding doors of glass. Through these we beheld heaps of gold plate, jewels, and other splendid offerings of superstition. You may conceive the wealth of this place, when told that the silver it possesses is too common to be exposed to view, and therefore locked up in coffers. My eye was soon tired with dwelling upon these golden walls, but it was happily relieved by an object on which it could gaze for ever—a picture by Raphael, which represents the Virgin lifting up a vail from the infant Jesus asleep; and

St.

St. Joseph in the back ground. It is in a high state of preservation, consequently inestimable. An immense sum was lately offered for it by an English gentleman, but refused. On coming out of the church we saw a large body of pilgrims walk into it upon their knees, singing hymns: they went round the *santa Casa*, which stands at the upper end of the aisle, and came out in the same manner as they had entered. Is it not a melancholy reflection that religion, which was designed to elevate, should, as in the present instance, abase the human mind? But such an ordination is undoubtedly for wise, though to us inscrutable purposes. It is so, and it ought to be. Could the *santa Casa* be transported by the same supernatural agency as before from Loretto to Rome, I am persuaded it would be much for the better, as the insecurity of its situation must be obvious to every one who visits the place. Two hundred resolute fellows might strip it of all its finery in four hours, and carry the image with its sumptuous apparel on board a corsair. The Bar-

bary states are not aware of this, or they would certainly attempt, and attempting, effect it. From Loretto we came to Ancona, a maritime town pleasantly situate, but ill built. Its port was declared free by Clement the XIIth. which made it very commercial. It was originally formed by the Emperor Adrian, to whom the citizens in their gratitude erected an arch upon the mole; the structure of which is truly elegant, and the marble whiter than in any edifice I ever saw. On leaving Ancona, we travelled along the shore of the Adriatic, and passed by San Marino, the smallest independent state in the world; it being confined to a barren mountain, on which stands a town, five churches, three convents, and three castles. All the inhabitants do not exceed 5000; and happily so, for their small number has preserved to them their freedom. Each house has the privilege of sending a deputy to the Arengo, or National Council, but the authority of this general assembly is delegated to forty, except upon particular occasions, when all

con-

convene. I am induced to think that the character of Cardinal Alberoni was not fully known, until he had projected the reduction of this Republic. When Prime Minister of Spain, though he would have disturbed the peace of Europe, his object was, what many think great, it was the conquest of kingdoms; but when he endeavoured to persuade the sovereign Pontiff to rob San Marino of liberty, its only wealth, by annexing it to the see of Rome, he displayed not only a malignant but a mean disposition, which those who might perhaps excuse his administration in Spain, upon the plea of his being desirous to aggrandise his master's dominions, cannot but despise and abhor. It reminds me of Dionysius the younger, who, when expelled from Syracuse, being no longer able to tyrannise over a nation, became a schoolmaster at Corinth, that he might indulge his severity on his pupils. We travelled all night, and early the next morning arrived at the banks of the Rubicon, with Lucan in our hands. I do not blame Cæsar for enslaving Rome,

but Rome for being enslaved. A few years ago I lamented his fatal passage over this celebrated river, but now do not. The vices of his country had made it ripe for slavery, and in my opinion, it were indifferent whether Cæsar or Pompey should possess it. Had Rome been ever virtuous, she had been ever free; and, believe me, from these ideas, I should have been truly sorry for the subjugation of San Marino, when unconcerned for that of Rome. Why do we feel so warmly interested for the preservation of Greece during the Persian invasions, but because she was not more desirous than deserving of liberty? Pardon this digression, and I will proceed. The Rubicon is a narrow river that scarce seems to move through its deep banks of clay. On the northern side are ancient lapidary inscriptions almost obliterated, at least I could not read them. Do you recollect the description of this rivulet in Lucan's *Pharsalia*?

“ Fonte cadit modico, parvisque impellitur undis

“ Puniceus Rubicon, cum fervida canduit æstas;

“ Perque

" Perque imas serpit valles, et Gallica certus

" Limes ab Aufonjis disternat arva colonis. *"

B. 1. l. 251.

We dined that day at Bologna, and reached Cento in the evening, a town of the papal territory, in which the celebrated painter, Nicholas Barbieri, generally known by the name of Il Guercino, or the Squinter, was born. The next morning we saw some of his capital pictures, and then continued our journey through the richest part of the plains of Lombardy, being ferried over the Po and Adige, the former of which appears like the trunk of a tree, and the many rivers that run into it seem as branches. We lay that night in the ancient city of Padua, (of which, as I purpose staying some time in this country, I shall probably write you a future account) and the next morning, travelling on the banks of the

Imitated.

- * The redbrown Rubicon, while summer bides,
Through the low vales, a shallow streamlet, glides,
And nether Gaul from Italy divides.

H 4

Brenta,

Brenta, having on each side of us the most beautiful country-houses and villas I have seen in Italy, arrived at Fusina—the landing place from Venice; to which singular city we were carried in a gondola across the ferry (which is called the *Lagune*)—a distance of five miles.

You perceive that we journeyed rather expeditiously from Rome to this city. Our intention was to reach it before the Ascension; a high festival with the Venetians, in which their Doge espouses the Adriatic, —thence considered, (though I believe by them only) as subject to their dominion. It happened this year on the first of May. At nine o'clock in the morning we went in our gondola to see the bucentaur, or ducal barge, which is the most magnificent I ever beheld, though heavy and unwieldy. About ten, his Serene Highness Paul Renier was accompanied on board of it by all the foreign Ministers, the great officers of state, and a large body of the prime nobility of Venice. It seemed to proceed proud of its illustrious

illustrious burden, while around it moved innumerable peôte or fancy boats and gondolas. On every side was heard the most enchanting musick, except when lost in the roar of canon from the men of war drawn out for this grand jubilee, or from the forts and ships of the harbour. The whole surface of the water appeared alive, and the voice of joy was raised in loud and repeated shouts. When the bucentaur had proceeded to a certain distance, on a signal given, a general silence ensued. Every oar was suspended, and every eye intent upon the spectacle. The Doge leaning over the water from the stern of his nuptial vessel extended his right arm, holding in his hand a ring, and pronouncing aloud, *Te mare desponsamus in signum veri perpetuque dominii*,* dropt it into the bosom of his bride. We were below him, though not so near as to receive this ring in our gondola, which I much wished to do, that, on

* Thee, oh sea, we espouse, in token of our true and perpetual dominion over thee.

my arrival in England, I might have presented it to you as a curiosity. When the ceremony was thus performed, he was carried to a neighbouring church to celebrate high mass ; and then returned in the same state as he had gone. This pageant is similar to, but much more splendid than that of our Lord Mayor. It was instituted in the Dogeship of Sebastian Ziani, by Pope Alexander the Third. The naval force which Venice then maintained in its gulph, the Mediterranean, and Archipelago, gave it some countenance. But time has effected such a change, that in the present age we might exclaim with Pierre,

“ Now their great Duke shrinks trembling in his
“ palace,
“ And sees his wife the Adriatic ploughed, &c.
“ By bolder prows than his.”

LETTER

LETTER XXVII.

Venice, May 25.

THERE is an old Italian remark,
and I have reason to think it just,
which is

O Venegia Venegia,
Chi non Ti connosce,
Non Ti preggia*.

For it is impossible to see and not to admire this city, so very dissimilar to all others. From Fusina it seems deluged by an inundation of the sea; nor is this appearance changed on approaching and entering it, as all the houses are built on piles in the water. Their fronts on the grand canal answered the idea I had formed of an Italian city when in England, which probably arose

* Oh Venice Venice, he only who knows thee not,
does not prize thee.

from

from some representation I had seen. Their variety charmed the eye, their beauty the taste, and their venerable aspect the imagination; many of them being three hundred years old, and many built by Sanfovino and Palladio—the two greatest architects since the revival of the liberal arts—But our attention was soon drawn from the houses to a building before us, which needed no enquiry, as the appearance plainly told us it was the Rialto. Shakespear, in his Merchant of Venice, introduces this bridge to our notice :

“ Many a time and oft
“ On the Rialto, have you rated me
“ About my monies and my ufances.”

But though impossible to mistake it, I was extremely disappointed with the architecture. I expected to have found an arch considerably higher, and the whole a light elegant building of white marble; on the contrary, it is a clumsy mass, the heaviness of which is considerably increased by two ranges of shops erected upon it. Were this
super-

superstructure removed, the Rialto would assume a very different appearance, especially if the marble were cleaned.

As I had been in Holland I expected to have seen Venice without surprise, from a supposed similarity between it and the Dutch towns; but I was much mistaken. Their canals have streets on each side: these generally come up to the doors of the houses. We could not possibly reconcile to ourselves the idea of a city, in which there was no visible way, except by water; but on landing this perplexity was removed; for we found an endless maze of alleys between the buildings,—the better sort of houses or palaces having two entrances, one by water, and the other by land. From the Rialto we went through the most frequented of these alleys called La Merceria to St. Mark's Place, round which, during the fair that succeeds the Ascension, is erected a superb portico, with coffee-houses and shops, that display all kinds of merchandise, and vie with each other in brilliancy. The nobility
and

and other citizens of Venice, walk under it three or four hours in the day: so that, altogether, the spectacle is very pleasing, and what our *Milordi Ingleſi*, now here, *vote a famous lounge*. It is impoſſible to ſee this celebrated *Place* without being perſuaded of its beauty. Were it uniform, it would be the handſomeſt in Europe. It is formed like a parallelogram, being in length 270 paces, and in breadth 100. At one end, and on both ſides, are arcades or piazzas; over which are caſſini, or aſſembly rooms, and the habitations of the procurators of St. Mark,—high officers of ſtate, whom I ſhall have future occaſion to mention. The neweſt of theſe ſides, called *La Procuratia nuova*, is one of the fineſt modern edifices I ever beheld. At the other extremity is the church of St. Mark, the architecture of which (a mixture of the Greek and Gothic) is univerſally admired. The firſt patron of Venice, St. Theodore, was given up for St. Mark, whoſe bones (as they tell us) were brought from Alexandria to this city in the ninth century. The church built in
conſequence

consequence of this *great event* was burnt in 976, and another erected by the Doge, Peter Orséolo, who, for so *pious a deed*, was canonized. Its majestic front, domes, and crosses; its metal gates, and mosaic pavement of porphyry, granate, jasper, &c. together with a variety of rich and rare marbles, stript from the ruins of Athens, make a very noble appearance; but, I was so charmed with the four horses of gilded bronze over the grand entrance, that I could scarce examine any other of its ornaments. These are, in my opinion, much more admirable than that of Marcus Aurelius in the Capitol. What then must they be in comparison of the heavy and aukward representations of modern times? They belonged to a chariot of the sun, erected on a triumphal arch in honour of Nero. Constantine transported them as ornaments to his celebrated Hippodrome at Constantinople; whence they were sent here by Henry Dandolo, after the capture of that city by the French and Venetians in 1204. Adjoining to the church is the palace of St. Mark, or
Doge's

Doge's residence ; which almost persuades me to be an advocate for Gothic architecture. On entering this stately mansion, in which so many illustrious citizens, raised to the highest dignity of their country, have dwelt, we ascended by the grand staircase to an open gallery or corridor, in which our attention was immediately fixed upon the lion mouths of marble,—those instruments of the fear, the despotism, and the injustice of hereditary aristocracy. They are called *Denunzie secrete* (secret accusations) and ranged along the wall, but not confined to this part of the palace. As in Venice the witness is not confronted with the accused, any person might, by lodging a false charge in these receptacles of private hate and revenge, take away the liberty, or perhaps the life of the innocent ; and many I am persuaded, have been the victims of this narrow and destructive policy. Besides the ducal apartments, this palace contains the different chambers of government, the grandeur of which made me blush for our houses of parliament. They are hung with
some

some of the finest paintings of the Venetian school by Titian, Tintoretto, Paul Veronese, Bassano, &c. It has lately been discovered, that some of the pictures, which were placed near the top of these lofty rooms, have been taken out of their frames, and copies of them inserted. Had the perpetrators of this robbery (who are suspected, and I believe with great reason, to be foreigners of note) been discovered, they would probably have passed a considerable time *sotto i Piombi* (under the leads). To explain this, you must know that the upper part of St. Mark's palace is made a state prison, in which the unhappy people, who are confined, suffer so severely from the intense heat of the sun in summer, not having (as I hear) either light or air, that they are almost baked to death. I have twice seen men conducted to these mansions of misery, as they passed through St. Mark's Place; they were guarded by several *Sbirri*, or inferior officers of the police, and had their heads covered, that they might neither see, nor be seen. Is not the Bastile, horrible as

it is, a *palace* in comparison of this prison? Opposite the ducal residence is an elegant building, by Sansovino, called the Zecca, or Mint; in which is coined the purest gold, and the coarsest money in Europe. Under the same roof is the public library, where we saw a large collection of books, &c. The area between the palace of St. Mark and the Zecca is called the Broglo; at one end of which, near the water, are two immense columns transported from Greece in the Dogeship of Pietro Ziani. Three indeed were brought to Venice, but one fell overboard at a small distance from the shore, and has lain in the canal ever since. Between these columns all public executions take place; on which account, we found the people very shy of walking through them. The church and convent of San Giorgio Maggiore, divided from the Broglo by a wide canal called La Zuecca, or Giudecca, was built by Palladio. The former appears to me rather too much ornamented, but there is a court or quadrangle of the latter, the elegance and simplicity of which

which are so obvious, that on seeing it I cried out Palladio, before I knew that he had built it. In the refectory is one of Paul Veronese's best pictures; the subject,—the marriage feast of Canaan*. It contains above 110 figures as large, and let me add, as natural as life. Most of them are likenesses of illustrious personages who were the artist's cotemporaries; such as Charles the Fifth, and Francis the First, Achmet the Second, Sultan of the Turks, one of Henry the Eighth's wives, but I know not which, Palladio, Titian, Tintoretto, Bassano, and Paul himself. The four last are represented as Musicians. It is impossible to bestow too much praise upon this capital picture: I have been in such raptures with it, and the quadrangle, that I mean to dedicate to them an hour or two in every week of my residence at Venice, nor can I give less time to the school of San Rocco, in which are some admirable paintings by Tintoretto. I observe

* Paul painted this celebrated picture merely for his food and lodging, when he took refuge in this convent from his creditors.

that many of the great Italian masters have a discriminating colour in their works ; that of Tintoretto is yellow, which gives a peculiar mellowness to all his pieces, and makes them seem as if the sun was shining upon them.

Talk to the Venetians of their arsenal, and they will tell you it is the first in the world. It certainly is well kept and stored with every thing necessary for the building and equipping of a *small* fleet. A few days ago we went with a large party of French and noble Venetians to see it ; and were much pleased with the arrangement and regularity which are observed there. Over all their ships laid up in ordinary, they put a case which proves an excellent preservative. Having passed through one division of it we came to the armoury, which they told us contained accoutrements for 50,000 men ; but this assertion I much doubt ; however were it so, the troops must be armed as in the last century. Here we found a cold collation laid out for us, and oysters
bred

bred and fed in the arsenal, which are much the whitest and best I ever ate. From this place we went to the rope-house, and through various other parts, until we arrived at the Bucentaur, in which we found a second collation. During this visit we were attended by two nobles, the *Padroni del Arsenale* (masters of the arsenal) of whose attention it is impossible to say too much. I assure you they have given us a very favourable idea of Venetian manners. But of these—hereafter.

Venice, June 14.

MANY are of opinion that Venice is in danger from two evils, which, though the immediate reverse of each other, would be equally fatal to its existence. The one is too much, the other too little water. The Republic has long been, and still is engaged in building a wall between the Adriatic and the Isles, to extend twelve

miles, and as they think, to preserve the city from inundation. This might probably produce the desired effect; but to obviate the second evil, if it really exist, and I fear it does, is not within the reach of human ability. It is evident that the Senate are apprehensive of it, from the great encouragement they give to all hydrostatic projects; and deservedly so—something of the same kind, as the ill they now fear being once prevented by a poor monk named Giocondo, whose genius burst through the restraint and obstacles of his situation, and raised his name to honour. He scoured part of the Lagune, by diverting the course of the Brenta; but the present danger does not arise so much from the increase of sediment, as from a deficiency of water.

It was necessity that compelled the original settlers to inhabit these clusters of islands. In the beginning of the fifth century they offered an inaccessible asylum to the inhabitants of Padua, &c. from the incursions of Attila and his rapacious Huns.

The

The fugitives were so considerable, as to people twelve islands: each of which had at first its respective Podestà, or ruler; but as this form of government produced separate interests, jealousy, and confusion, a general assembly was holden for the purpose of electing a chief magistrate, to be styled Doge; and the choice fell on Paulus Lucius Anafestus. He was assisted by a council of the principal inhabitants, but the sovereign power remained with the people, which they generally exercised with caprice, injustice, and cruelty—the characteristic qualities of ochlocracy.

Of the twelve first Doges they either murdered, deprived of sight, or banished eight. Their turbulence and excesses became so intolerable, that after the death of Vital Micaeli the II^d, whom they assassinated in his palace, the Quarantia (at that time the only established council) determined to reform the government, or (I should rather say) to put an end to the anarchy of the despotic mob. They in consequence proposed,

that each of the six divisions of the city should nominate two electors, who were to choose from all the citizens 470 counsellors, with whom the supreme power might reside. From this corps, called *Il maggior Consiglio*, sixty members were to be elected annually for the Senate, or *Pregai*; and one from each of the six divisions to form the prince's privy council, by whose opinions he was to be directed.

This was the first attempt to dispossess the people of the administration of public affairs; the second was effectual. In the Dogeship of Peter Gradenigo—(a man born to be the father of the Venetian aristocracy, but whose abilities and intrepidity would probably have gained him the sole dominion of his country, had they been directed to that point) it was decreed that the grand council then being, was permanent, and that the right of session rested with them and their descendants, to the exclusion of all other citizens whatever. A law so unexpected, so partial, and so unjust, raised the
the

the immediate indignation, not only of the people, but of the ancient families, who happened not at that time to be members of this assembly ; especially, as they perceived themselves reduced to the level of the meanest inhabitants, while many of their inferiors, then in place, were raised to eminence.

Gradenigo, to obviate the ill consequences that might arise from their resentment, was compelled to aggregate many of them, and to declare that a certain number should annually receive the same honour. But this concession did not prevent conspiracies. One of dangerous aspect was formed by Bajamont Tiepolo * to restore the ancient constitution, and would probably have succeeded against a Doge of less penetration and fortitude than Gradenigo. It was by his personal courage rendered abortive, but it obliged him to institute a body of magistrates, called the Council of Ten, for

* The Tiepoli are still one of the most illustrious families of Venice.

the purpose of preventing any future machinations against the new established government.

Such was the origin of hereditary aristocracy at Venice, which in reality abolished the power of the people ; though the form of asking their approbation at the election of a Doge was continued until 1423, when Francis Foscarei was raised to that dignity.

The voluntary submission of Istria and Dalmatia to the Venetians, for the purpose of receiving their protection, gave them their first acquisition of territory. At the commencement of the crusades they became a party in the cause, not so much perhaps from motives of religion, though bigotted, as from interest ; for the wealth they acquired, by being in common with the Genoese, the carriers of the European troops, &c. to Palæstine, was immense. The assistance of the crusaders enabled them to recover the city of Zara in Dalmatia, seized by the King of Hungary ; and soon after
joining

joining their forces under their renowned Doge Henry Dandolo with those of France, to expel the usurper Alexis from the Imperial throne of Constantinople, they possessed themselves of that city; and consequently of many other places dependent on it in Asia, Greece, and the intervening sea. This acquisition of dominion naturally produced in a people so maritime a considerable increase of commerce, which excited the jealousy of the Genoese, and brought on those long and sanguinary wars that exhausted the population and treasures of these celebrated republics.

Among the many able commanders that fought on both sides, the Doria of Genoa, and the Dandoli of Venice were the most eminent. The inveteracy of the two people was perhaps never exceeded. In the year 1298, Lamba Doria, with 70 gallies, attacked a Venetian fleet of 80, commanded by Charles and Andrew Dandolo, and, after an obstinate combat, took and destroyed 60. Among the captives was the younger Dandolo,

Dandolo, who, having resolved not to survive the defeat, and grace the triumph of his conqueror at Genoa, beat his brains out against the sides of the galley, as he had no other way of destroying himself, his hands being tied behind him.

By these wars the Venetians lost Constantinople, and other possessions in the Levant; but in my opinion they were not (as many assert) the primary cause of their decline. In 1355 the aristocracy was upon the brink of destruction from a conspiracy of Marino Falier the Doge, then in his eightieth year. Enraged at the lenity with which the Council of Ten had punished a gentleman of the Steno family, who had intrigued with his wife, a young and beautiful woman, he plotted with the admiral of the arsenal, a general massacre of the great and lesser councils; after which he was to be declared sovereign of Venice. They engaged numerous accomplices of tried courage and desperate fortunes, among whom was one Beltrame.

The

The gratitude of this man saved the republic. In the family of Leoni was a gentleman, to whom he was under the greatest obligations, and being fearful lest he should be confounded in the common carnage of the patricians, his mind was severely agitated between the fidelity which he thought due to his party, and his affection for his benefactor. At length, after much consideration, he hit upon what he deemed an expedient for the one and the other; which was to go to Leoni, and advise him not to leave his house upon that day. A request of so singular a nature immediately created suspicion. Beltrame was detained, and examined by the council of Ten, who persuaded him to betray his associates, and to divulge the plot. Many had time to escape, but the Doge, the admiral, and one Philip Calandario, a principal in the conspiracy, were taken and confined. The two latter were instantly hung out of the windows of St. Mark's palace; but with the former they used all the solemnity that his high situation, and the importance of his

his crime, required. He was tried, convicted, and condemned to die. The day after the process he was led into the courtyard of his palace; and, being stripped of his ducal habits, privately beheaded. After the execution the gates were thrown open, and the people permitted to behold the bleeding body of their Doge.

In 1405 the republic reduced Padua, their parent and rival. Having taken Francis Carrara, the lord of it, he was put to death in prison, for having broken the oath of fealty, which his ancestors had sworn to the Venetians, on being established by them in that city. But I am induced to think this a shallow pretext for the injustice of the proceeding, as they would also have executed his two sons, against whom they could alledge no crime whatever, had they not fortunately escaped.

In reading the history of this country; the many instances that occur of pride, jealousy, and systematic tyranny, must excite

cite in every impartial mind an utter abhorrence of hereditary aristocratic government. The council of Ten were ministers of vengeance with absolute authority, which they took pleasure to exercise against the highest characters of the state, by acts of insult and oppression. Francis Foscari, raised to the ducal dignity in 1423, was so harassed by these despots, at the head of whom was Ermolào Donato, his most inveterate enemy, that he proposed abdicating the Dogeship, but his offer was refused. His son Giacópo Foscari had been exiled upon a doubtful charge of having received money from foreign princes, and their ministers. He was sentenced to the Peloponnesus, but being so broken down by this persecution, as to be unable to bear a voyage of such length, after much entreaty the council banished him to Trevigi in Italy. His wretched father conscious of his innocence, was so overcome by this severity, that he entirely neglected the functions of his office, and again petitioned the Senate to accept his resignation, which they again refused.

fused. A few years after this, Donato was found assassinated near the ducal palace, and Giacópo Foscarì, then at Trevigi, was suspected of having employed his servant to commit this murder, who on that day had been seen at Venice. The man was consequently put to the torture, but he positively denied any knowledge of the act; not satisfied with this, the council of Ten ordered his master to the rack, but could not force from him either, any avowal of the crime; nevertheless they banished him to the island of Candia for ever. Not long after this act of tyranny, a gentleman of the house of Erizzo, when dying, declared to his confessor, that he was the murderer of Donato, and commanded him to publish his confession; he did so—but the unhappy Doge died before his son's innocence was cleared. The council of Ten persecuted him to the last; for finding that he would not at their command resign the Dogeship, which they had twice refused to accept, they deposed him, and elected Pasqual Malipiero in his room. On hearing the
bells

bells of St. Mark's church ring for the election of his successor, the poor old man fell upon the ground, and expired of a broken heart.

About the middle of the present century, the Venetians had a new enemy to encounter in the Levant—the very reverse in character of the luxurious and effeminate Greek. The year 1453 is memorable for the capture of Constantinople by Mahomet the second, who determined to pursue his conquests, by wresting from the Republic those places which the Greek Emperors had ceded to it, when they perceived their own inability to resist the encroachments of the Turk. Mahomet not only dispossessed the Venetians of Negropont, Argos, and other territories in Greece, but carried his arms into the Friuli—part of their Italian dominions, and menaced even their capital. Astonished at the progress of these irresistible barbarians, they were glad to have an opportunity of purchasing peace, which they did in 1479. The Sultan was

prevailed upon to restore all his conquests on their giving up Cröia and Scutari in Albania; for the loss of which they were amply indemnified by the island of Cyprus, bequeathed to them by Catherine Cornaro, a noble Venetian lady, who had married Jacob di Lusignan, its last monarch.

From this epoch, memorable in the annals of Venetian history, they became so considerable a people as to excite the jealousy of Pope Julius the Second, who formed for their destruction one of the most powerful combinations of sovereign Princes that was ever known. You will immediately perceive that I allude to the league of Cambray, composed of the Pope, the Emperor of Germany, the Kings of France and Spain, the Dukes of Savoy and Ferrara, with the Marquis of Mantua, who were to divide the Venetian territories between them. The Republic wisely effected by negotiation and cessions what it was impossible to do by force of arms, and finally, in 1523, obtained an honourable peace,

peace, for which it ceded but little. The league of Cambray has been considered as another main cause of its decline, but I think as improperly as its disputes with the Genoese. War, which impoverishes other countries, raised Venice, by enlarging and securing its commerce, to the grandeur which it attained at the beginning of the sixteenth century. Its decline was principally, if not alone, occasioned by the discovery of a passage to the East Indies, round the Cape of Good Hope; for before this period, it was the most commercial, and consequently the most opulent state in the world. All the productions of India that were sent to Europe, came along the Red Sea to Suez and Alexandria, where they were received by the Venetian merchants, who enjoyed little less than the monopoly of these valuable articles.

The ill success of former conspiracies, and all the vigilance and severity of the council of Ten, could not prevent new attempts to overturn the Republic, In 1618,

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during

during the Dogeship of Anthony Priuli, a plot for this purpose was formed by three Spaniards,—the Vice Roy of Naples, the Governor of Milan, and the Marquis di Bedmar, Ambassador at Venice. Their intention was to burn the arsenal and the palace of St. Mark, kill the principal noblemen, and subjugate the Republic to Spain. Their chief instrument in it was one Giacomo Pietro, a famous Neapolitan Corsair in the Venetian Service. Happily for the Republic the whole was revealed to the council of Ten by two Frenchmen. On which many of the party were seized and put to death. Pietro, or Pierre, being then abroad with the fleet, was, by an order of government, tied in a sack, and thrown into the sea, but Bedmar escaped. Upon this plot (you may perceive) that Otway wrote his tragedy of *Venice preserved*.

In 1645, the Porte, relying upon their former success, and ever covetous of conquest, sent a large armament to surprize the island of Candia, or ancient Crete. For this

this treacherous infraction of peace, it was at first severely punished by the success that attended the Venetian arms, but Candia was at length forced to capitulate, not however until it had sustained a siege of 24 years, in which the Ottomans lost above 200,000 men. In 1684 the war broke out afresh, and the Venetians, under the command of their great Captain Francesco Morosini, won all the Peloponnesus, Athens, and a considerable territory in Dalmatia. The pride of the Ottoman was so humbled, that he sued for peace, which was concluded at Carlowitz in 1669, through the mediation of England, France, and the States General.

The last war that happened between these powers broke out in 1714, during which the Porte reconquered the Morèa. It was terminated by the peace of Passarowitz, signed on the 21st of July, 1718; at which, though the Turk reserved Peloponnesus, he ceded to the Republic several places in Dalmatia, and the island of Cerigo.

From that period the Venetians have enjoyed a profound peace, which in my opinion, has produced a considerable change in their character, particularly in that of the nobles ; there are still many lineal descendants of the Participazii, Dandoli, Morosini, Mocenegi, &c. &c. but now we might say with Shakespear,

“ Instead of mounting barbed steeds

“ To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,

“ They caper nimbly in a lady's chamber

“ To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.”

LETTER

LETTER XXVIII.

Venice, June 15, 1788.

THERE is no country so much frequented that is so little known by foreigners as Venice; they suppose every thing to be the same now as formerly; and therefore report the very reverse of what is. Its government is described as the most jealous and despotic upon earth, because it once was so. I assure you there are few more indulgent. However, I was so frightened by an anecdote which I heard last summer at Geneva, from Lord B—l—ve, as to be, long after our arrival, extremely reserved upon political subjects, though we perceived they were a favourite topic. It is as follows. A foreign gentleman happened to sit down in a coffee-house near a person who declaimed violently against the state inquisitors, or three principal magistrates. The discourse was addressed to this stran-

ger, who not only declined saying any thing upon the subject, but withheld (as far as was consistent with civility) his attention to the speaker. The next night, on coming out of his lodgings, he was seized, blindfolded, and forced into a gondola, threatened with instant death if he spoke, and carried off in profound silence. On landing, he was led but a little way before he entered a house; where, on the bandage being taken off his eyes, he found himself in a large apartment hung with black, before a tribunal as terrible in appearance as the inquisition. Those who sat as judges, asked him how long he had known his companion in the coffee-house: he protested he had never seen him before, and gave such convincing proofs of his innocence, that after a short consultation, they ordered him to be enlarged, enjoining him, however, not only to be silent upon political subjects as long as he remained in Venice, but not even to listen to them in future. He was then led through a long passage into another chamber as dismal as
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the former, at the upper end of which he saw a man hanging by the throat upon a hook ; on coming nearer to the body—he perceived it with horror to be the person he had seen in the coffee-house. When he had gazed some time upon this fearful spectacle he was again blindfolded, conducted in silence to the gondola, and released at the door of his lodgings. I believed this story when I heard it, but the knowledge I have of Venice makes me now reject it, as inconsistent with the easy characters of those who rule.

I never was so imprudent as to censure the Venetian government in direct terms ; but have frequently conversed without reserve upon it, even with the nobles who are principally entrusted in its administration ; and, as I have before intimated, found them enter freely upon the topic. But indeed the society of Venice is so much superior to any other, and the amusements so various and agreeable, that it is seldom possible to discuss so grave a theme as politics. We brought
with

with us letters to the Cavalier Giacomo Foscarini, and to the young Count Luigi Martinengo. The former is senior senator of Venice, yet though so exalted in rank, and of a family coeval with the Republic itself, I never knew a man of more easy and unassuming manners. His conversation and actions prove the solidity of his understanding and the benevolence of his mind. Martinengo is of my own age, and after my own heart. To know and not esteem these amiable persons is, I think, impossible; conceive then how favourable an opinion of the noble Venetians must this impression have given us. They introduced us at the opera (for such is the custom) to so many charming people, that to recollect them we were obliged to write down their names and the numbers of their boxes; but this was not necessary to remind us of the ladies Sagredo and Venier,—the two greatest beauties of Venice. To the former I am under particular obligation for having done me the honour of being my patroness. She is not only the handsomest, but always the
most

most elegantly dressed woman in Venice ; and her manners and conversation are still more pleasing than her person. I cannot give you a truer picture of the customs of this country, than by telling you how we pass our time. At eleven we get up and breakfast : at twelve walk to St. Mark's Place, where every thing that is brilliant assembles. We dine at half after three, and go to bed till seven, when we dress, and are taken in our gondola to the Fresco. About this time of the evening the *beau monde* of Venice meet on the Giudecca, or Zuecca—the largest of their canals. The gondoliers immediately form a circle, and row continually round, so that the company may see and salute each other as they pass. It is some time before a foreigner understands the various manners they use in saluting with the hand, each of which has its proper meaning, but Mr. Pocock is quite a Venetian in the art. Between nine and ten we frequent the coffee-houses—the resort of all fashionable people, even of the ladies, who are as numerous there as the gentlemen.

men. This custom is peculiar to Venice. They are indeed forbidden by government to appear in the coffee rooms, but are permitted to be in the chambers behind them, which are always crowded by ten. At eleven the operas begin, where we pass the time in visits from one box to another until they end, which generally happens about three. They have been lately shut up for the season, and are succeeded by Cassini. Cassino is an elegant diminutive in Italian that signifies a small house of amusement. All the noble Venetians who are wealthy have their palaces, but pass the chief part of their time in these Cassini, which are generally in the environs of St. Mark's Place. It seems strange to a foreigner that they should prefer these little cabbins to their large and magnificent houses ; but so it is. The chambers over one of the porticos of St. Mark's Place are all converted into public Cassini. Among them is that of St. Samuel, which is much the most brilliant in Venice. Ladies only are subscribers ; each of whom may introduce any gentleman of her acquaintance. Of all
the

the societies I ever frequented, these are the most agreeable. Their amusements are conversation, cards, &c. and the conversation of the Venetian women, in their own charming dialect, is indeed a treat. It is almost impossible to be grave in their company, so interested are they even in your thoughts. A few nights ago a lady sent a gentleman across the Cassino room to enquire what *national* misfortune had happened, as I seemed to be much troubled with the *spleen*, a word which they have adopted at Venice. Another thing which renders these assemblies so agreeable is the convenience of the Venetian habit. On festivals, the gentlemen wear black silk dominos, and on other days, white, as substitutes for full dress. I attribute the very favourable reception we have met here to our talking their language, and conforming to their dress and manners, which is considered a high compliment; especially, as few foreigners will do either. There is less French spoken in Venice than in any city of Italy, so that a knowledge of Italian is indispensable

fible to those who mean to pass any time in it. Indeed I am persuaded that it is impossible to live agreeably in any country without being able to converse fluently with the natives of it in their own tongue.

The Venetians are great lovers of harmony. There is mixed with their melody so much point, and such arch turns, that their songs are the most pleasing and the most interesting I ever heard. Their musick is composed for their language; insomuch, that Tuscan words set to a Venetian air would destroy all its effect. We were lately introduced to a lady whose voice and taste are unrivalled. I have listened to Banti and Mara with *pleasure*. I never heard Madame di Petris (by which name this lady is generally called) but in *rapture*. She invites us, knowing our partiality, to all her musical and dramatic entertainments, which are very frequent. We also have been carried by our friend Martinengo to a concert of noble Venetians, called I Philarmonici. The leader of the band, Signor Grimani, is
the

the best gentleman performer on the violin I ever heard.

Thus it is, my dear Sir, that we pass our time in this city of the waves: this happy seat of various and endless amusement. But alas! I shall in a few days be deprived of my amiable fellow-traveller. He sets off for Germany, and I remain at Venice; having lately accepted an offer of accompanying the Bailo, or ambassador of the republic, to Constantinople, who will depart at the latter end of this month. I now expect to have my fondest wishes gratified in seeing Greece, the Greek islands, the coast of Troy, and the superb capital of the Ottomans. Nothing but this idea could induce me to leave such a friend as Mr. Pocock, or wander further from a parent, whom I love and honour so much as I do you.

I shall conclude this letter at Padua.

Padua,

Padua, June 22.

SINCE the departure of my friend, whose many good qualities, particularly his indulgence to my faults, have made our tour so agreeable, I have passed the whole of my time with his Excellency Giacomo Foscarini, whom the more I know the more I admire. I had almost forgotten to observe, that every noble Venetian is called *Excel-lenza*, and every inferior person, not in trade, *Illustriissimo*, or most illustrious. On the 14th of this month a suspension of public business took place, that the Patricians might go into *Villagitura*, that is, retire to their seats and villas on the *Terra Ferma*. In the evening of the 19th, having heard an admirable *Improvvisatore**, I left Venice

* These are extemporary poets peculiar to Italy. Upon any given subject they will with little forethought repeat two or three hundred verses. I have heard many of them, and been equally surprised and pleased with their rhapsodies.

with

with Foscarini: we were carried across the Lagoon in a gondola to Fusina, where we found his post-chaise, and six beautiful Polish horses in waiting. Our road lay along the banks of the Brenta, which presented a continued scene of mirth and happiness; being ornamented with magnificent palaces and Cassini; the inhabitants of which were then, in the cool of the most charming evening you can conceive, engaged in every species of amusement that could render time agreeable: such as musick, dancing, walking, conversation, and taking the fresco in their carriages. Cold and insensible is the heart that would not be interested in this general festivity. Though we had but a few miles to go, my friend stopt two or three times to introduce me to new acquaintances, who complimented me beyond measure on my speaking the Italian in their own dialect. A little before ten we arrived

* This was one of the happiest evenings I ever remember.

at Stra, a hamlet about half way to Padua, in which he has an elegant seat, built by Palladio. The remainder of the night we passed in the rural coffee-houses of the neighbourhood, which were full of charming company. The next day we proceeded to Ponte lungo, where there is another mansion of my noble host, more magnificent, but less beautiful than that of Stra. One day we dedicated to this place, and then came to Padua. I must observe to you, that running footmen are in general use in this country. They fly, as it were, before the carriages, and are seemingly indefatigable. From Ponte lungo to Padua the distance is 17 English miles; yet one of them, who preceded us, did it with ease.

Padua is one of the oldest cities in Italy, having been, as Virgil tells us, founded by the fugitive Antenor.

*Antenor potuit, mediis elapsus Achivis,
Illyricos penetrare sinus, atque intima tutus
Regna Liburnorum, et fontem superare Timavi.*
Hic

Hic tamen ille urbem Patavi, sedesque locavit
Teucrorum.*

ÆN. i. lin. 251.

It is little less than eight miles in circumference, but its inhabitants are not in proportion to its size, there being so many fields and gardens within the walls, and so many houses uninhabited. It is remarkable for having given birth to Livy.

The Venetians (as I have already said) took it in 1405 from the lords of Carràra, and have since that time made it occasionally their country residence. During the fair (which lasts six weeks) it is all alive with operas, concerts, carriages (to the last of which the Venetians are particularly attached from being so confined to the gon-

Imitated.

* Antenor could escape the Grecian host,
Survey the bays of the Illyrian coast;
Could through Liburnian realms securely mount,
And trace Timavus to his sacred fount;
There building Padua he gained a place
Of rest and safety for the Trojan race.

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dola)

dola) and parties in the coffee-houses. The Cavalier's Caffino is only two doors from the *Aquila d'Oro*, or principal inn, where we dine every day. The same manner of living is adopted here as at Venice, and nothing can be more agreeable; for though in a large city, we are, as it were, in the same family. The general place of rendezvous, before the coffee-houses and opera begin, is the Brentelle—a few houses by the river Brenta on the road to Vicenza, and about two miles from Padua, where the company refresh themselves with ices, lemonades, and coffee: of the last the Venetians make immoderate use, taking it at least six or seven times a day; but all their coffee comes from Mocho, and is very different from what we have in England, which is generally the produce of our West India islands. I went the other day to see the remains of an amphitheatre, the observatory, and the church at St. Justiniana: the first is the only Roman ruin in Padua. From the second—a well-designed building, I enjoyed a most extensive view, comprehending

hending Venice, Vicenza, &c. &c. and in the third contemplated some of Palladio's finest architecture. The great beauties of this church are thrown away upon the people of Padua, as they admire only Il Santo, a heavy and awkward cathedral, dedicated to their patron St. Anthony, who once made a famous sermon to the fish of the Adriatic. I, who am a member of Oxford, cannot call this seminary, though endowed with a few professorships, an university; yet it is counted the second in Italy next to that of Pavia

I have already made excursions on horseback into every part of this charming country, and visited a variety of Palladian villas on the numerous branches of the Brenta.

Giacomo Foscarini lately introduced me to his brother the new ambassador, whom I am to accompany to Constantinople. He goes in a transport as far as Corfù, where he will find an 80 gun ship ready to receive him. It is there that I am to join him, not

being able to go with him from Venice, as there is scarce room enough for his suite on board.

Adieu. I shall, if possible, write you a short letter before we fail. I have fortunately, though with great difficulty, procured a few Greek books as guides in my intended tour. The pleasure I feel from anticipation is indescribable.

Once more adieu.

LETTER

LETTER XXIX.

On board the Nuova Sorte off Venice,

July 3, 1788.

WERE it possible, my dear Sir, to forget you and England, how happily could I dwell among this charming people! Their attention to me when with them, and the regret they expressed at my departure, have entirely won my heart. The ambassador Nicholas Foscarini, or, as he is here called *Il Bailo*, has failed; and I have for the last week been in continual expectation of following him. No less than four times have I gone to, and come from, Padua within six days; for it was impossible to remain in the capital when all its better inhabitants were in Villagitura, and all its lustre faded. Every English gentleman, who visited this country last winter, has disappeared, except a Mr. Reed, who seems as partial to it as I am. I wish much

to describe to you the charms of the road between Fusina and Padua, but think no other than a spectator can conceive them. The joy I felt in flying to the latter of these places, when the wind would not permit our departure, was only exceeded by my sorrow on quitting it; but I can now return no more, that is, till I revisit Italy. I am writing to you upon deck: sitting with my face towards Venice, and at intervals viewing one of the grandest and most beautiful prospects in nature. The city seems to float upon the smooth surface of the Lagoon, and appears, surrounded by numerous detached islands, to the greatest advantage. In the back ground are the Terra firma, and distant hills of Padua,—those mementos of late happiness: before us rolls the Adriatic, the waves of which are now deeply flushed by the setting sun. At its northern extremity appear the high mountains of Friuli. Are not these noble objects? but, alas, when shall I again behold them?

Adieu,

Adieu, my dearest Sir, I must conclude, as the boat, which will carry this letter to the post office, is now going off.

My fellow passengers are Monsieur du Barle a French gentleman, an Armenian merchant, a Capuchin friar, and my servant, We are all going to eat mulberries on the most distant of the Venetian islands from the main land, and at midnight we expect to sail.

LETTER

LETTER XXX.

Corfù, July 19,

WHEN last I wrote to you, it was but a few miles from Venice. I am now afar off. The night of our departure my new cradle so rocked me to sleep, that I did not awake until we had sailed half way across the Adriatic. In the evening we were driven by the wind and current upon the coast of Istria within a mile of Pola,—a city founded (as Pliny and others tell us) by the Colchians, and called Julia Pietas by the Romans. I was very desirous of landing there, to examine more minutely what appeared to be the noblest amphitheatre I had ever seen; but the wind veered, and wafted our little vessel out to sea again. Though the voyage continued ten days, it did not appear tedious, as the weather could not be finer, nor the gulf
more

more gentle ; indeed I had no idea that so rude a sea was ever so still. When the vessel lay motionless, which often happened, we amused ourselves by swimming or fishing, but the first of these amusements had almost proved fatal to me, as one evening, when I had leaped over the side of the ship, I was sucked under it, and almost lost. There are neither salmon, cod, nor herring, in the Mediterranean, and its adjacent seas ; but in lieu of them, they possess what ours have not ; such as the goffo, the tunny, the sardine, the anchovy, &c.

I know not whether you have ever seen the sun rise and set at sea ; if so, you have beholden the finest object of sight to the greatest advantage. I have twice in my late voyage remained all night upon deck with the man at the helm ; and, when I had watched the dawn and increasing day, was lost in admiration to view that Great Dispenser of light and heat rise from his chambers in the east, and set all the water as it were in a blaze. Or in the evening, when
sinking

sinking to the nether hemisphere with milder, though undiminished beams, shew us, like a cloud, the distant shores of Italy. Had I been an ancient Persian, I should never have omitted my morning worship. After passing many little islands, and seeing on one side the Terra di Puglia, and on the other the western boundaries of the Turkish empire, on Monday the 14th we came within sight of Corfù, which lies near the entrance of the Adriatic, between the latitudes of 39 and 40. It wore the same appearance as Homer represents :

εφαν ὄρεα σκίοεντα

Γαῖης Φαίηκων, &c.*

Odyss. B. E. lin. 280.

At two A. M. we arrived under the town, which is also called Corfù. It stands upon the narrow channel that divides the island from Albania, the ancient Epirus, and possesses a deep port defended from all winds by

* The shady mountains of Phœacia's land
Appear'd, &c.

the surrounding land. At each extremity of the town were two castles, of which one only remains. This is the residence of the governor—a noble Venetian of the first rank, and general of the republic's forces in these seas. On landing I paid my compliments to the Bailo. During his stay in the island he supercedes the general, and commands the garrison. He told me, that as the ship of war on which we were to embark for Constantinople was not yet ready, it would be proper to provide myself with lodgings. I then went to the General, who politely invited me to dine with him every day as long as I should remain in the island. The town of Corfù is in itself one of the meanest places I ever saw, but the country is beautiful, though wild and rocky. I have made three or four excursions into it on horseback, early in the morning, and late in the evening, for at any other time it is impossible to move, so oppressive is the heat. Even the natives complain of it. Every day after dinner I am obliged to retire, strip myself, and sit
still

still till sun set, when I dress, and walk on the esplanade, where the noblesse and officers of the garrison are assembled.

The appearance of the common people, who are all Greeks, is, I think, deserving of notice. They are generally well grown and well made; their complexion is dark, their hair black and short; they shave their beards, but wear mustaches. Their dress consists of a small close cap of red or green cloth, which covers little more than the crown of the head: of a waistcoat with a superfluity of little buttons, over which is a loose jacket. Around their middle they bind a sash, in which they carry long knives for the double purpose of eating their meat, *and stabbing those who offend them.* Their breeches are preposterously large, and instead of shoes, they wear a kind of slipper, tied with ribbons or strings. At first I thought them humane and gentle, but soon had occasion to change this opinion, for on Friday last, one of their Caloyers, or priests, to whom they are violently attached, having received

received a blow from a poor Jew, they immediately assembled, and not only demolished the house of the delinquent, but massacred him, his family, and all the Jews who were too suddenly attacked to fly from, and too weak to resist their frantic rage. By the interference of the garrison the fury, but not the anger, of these zealots was at length quelled.

The island is in want of water, and does not produce a sufficiency of corn for the consumption of its inhabitants; however, their exports of oil, wine, dried fruits and salt, procure them an ample supply of it from other countries.

But it is the former not the present state of Corfu that makes it so very interesting to the traveller. You may recollect, that it gave rise to two grand epochs in the noblest poem, and best history existing, the Odyssey and Peloponnesian war. Homer calls it Phœacia, and its capital Scheria. When Ulysses was ship-wrecked here, he
met

met Nauficaa, the daughter of King Alcinous, who, with her hand-maids, was employed in washing the linen of her family; would not our modern ladies think this a strange occupation for a Princess? She directed him to the royal palace, where he was hospitably entertained by her father, though unknown to him. The manner of his discovery is such an instance of poetic genius that I cannot but mention it. The Princes of Greece, like those of Wales, kept bards among their household, who sung verses of their own composition to the musick of their harps. Homer compliments Demodocus, one of his predecessors in poetry, by making him the bard of Alcinous.

Κῆρυξ δ' ἐγγύθεν ἦλθε φέρων φόρμιγγα λυγρεῖαν

Δημόδοκον.*

Odyss. B. c. l. 261.

Demodocus having chanted the contention of the Greeks at the siege of Troy, as

* The herald to Demodocus approached,
Bearing the harmonious harp.

the

the occasion of their misfortunes, and the amorous story of Mars and Venus, is desired by Ulysses to sing the introduction of the wooden horse into Troy, and the consequent capture of the city,—a subject at that time the most popular among the Greeks. When the hero heard his own name and those of his companions repeated, the remembrance of his former glory and success thus excited by the united powers of poetry and musick made the recollection of his subsequent misfortunes the more severe; overcome therefore by the impression, he covered his face with his garment, and burst into tears—this naturally raised the suspicion of Alcinous; who, on pressing him to discover himself, is told his voyage and adventures in the most beautiful episode that ever poem possessed.

This account, however, may be thought a fiction, but the narrative of the historian is indisputable. When the citizens of Epidamnus had in vain applied to the inhabitants of Corcyra for protection against their

neighbours the Talantii—a barbarous people of Epirus; they sent messengers to Corinth—their parent city, and there succeeded in their application. This interference exciting the jealousy of the Corcyreans, brought on a war between them and the Corinthians. In the first naval action the former were victorious, but fearing the superior power of their enemies, they implored the assistance of Athens,—at that period the most powerful state of Greece. The Ambassadors of Corcyra and Corinth met in that city, and the cause of the former being espoused, the latter were obliged to have recourse to the Lacedæmonians, who determined to assist them. This resolution being put in effect, caused the celebrated Peloponnesian war, so fatal to Athens.

I went this morning to that part of the island in which (as tradition reports) were the gardens of Alcinous; described in the seventh book of the *Odyssæy*. It is a plain about four miles from the town of Corfù,

on

on the southern side of it, and still a delightful, though neglected spot. The ancient capital was not built on the scite of the present town, but near it. It is still called Palaiopoli or Παλαιόπολις; but there are no other remains of it than fragments of marble columns, architraves, and cornishes, scattered here and there. I have also frequently visited the river * in which Nausicaa was washing her family's linen when she met Ulysses. Indeed it is impossible to mistake it, as there is no other in the island. I would have bathed there, but found the mud too deep. The better sort of the Corfiots are attentive to strangers: they have shewn me some curious antique inscriptions on bronze plates; medals, camèos, intaglos, &c. Some of them are of illustrious blood, being the offspring of those Greeks who fled from Constantinople when taken by the Turks; and there are too descendants of the Comnenes, or Imperial family.

* Called by the general name, Potamo.

As the Bailo has ordered a packet boat to sail with his dispatches to Otranto, I shall have an opportunity of sending you this letter sooner than I expected; you will read it over a comfortable English breakfast, which is not however preferable to ours in the Greek Islands, of rich fruits, good bread, and excellent coffee—Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER XXXI.

Zante, July 28, 1788.

ON the 20th of this month, after a magnificent banquet in the castle, we embarked on board the Galatèa of 74 guns, saluted by all the cannon, drums, and trumpets of the garrison. The company consisted of the Bailo, his friend the Senator Zaguri, the Abbe Casti an Italian poet, who is successor to Metastasio at the Imperial Court, Monf. le Grand a French gentleman, the two Secretaries and suite of the Bailo, besides a numerous body of naval and military officers; so that no less than six and thirty gentlemen sit down every day at the Ambassador's table, which, though at sea, is covered with delicacies. His cabin is richly furnished, as are also his dressing room and bed chamber, but I cannot say the same of mine. I am now writing *along side* of a two and thirty pounder, which,

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with

with its carriage, almost choaks up my little cell: the port-hole is my window, a hammock my bed, a few maps my tapestry, and an old bench my sofa. Can any situation be more agreeable? No, I assure you, for time glides away most pleasantly between reading, writing, visiting, meals, cards, chess, fencing on the quarter-deck, and Italian poetry, which we have in perfection from the Imperial Laureat. The farther we sailed from Corsù, the more our voyage became interesting, particularly as a strong west wind drove us out of our intended course to the island of Leucadia. It is impossible, my dear sir, for any body who has not experienced the same pleasure as I have in reading the fragments of Sappho, to conceive what I felt on beholding Leucas, the northern promontory of this island, from which that tenth muse, having in vain endeavoured to enamour the cold-hearted Phaon, threw herself into the sea, as the only remedy for disappointed love. In this she followed the example of Venus, who having long sought her lover Adonis, found him

him dead upon this island in the temple of Apollo. So immoderate was her grief, that it moved the presiding Deity to compassion, who, on leading her to the promontory of Leucas, told her, that the only way to forget him was to throw herself from the summit, having done so and succeeded, she was solicitous to know the cause of so miraculous an effect, when Apollo informed her that Jupiter, being inflamed with love for Juno, sat upon this rock until his desire had abated, and from that period many of Cupid's victims, by doing what she had done, had eluded the otherwise insuperable controul of that arbitrary little tyrant. From this circumstance the promontory of Leucas was called the *Lover's Leap*; an appellation inapplicable given to so many precipices in England. We are told that the islanders made the same use of it as the Romans did of the Tarpeian rock; that is, in the execution of their criminals, but we must conclude this to have been at a time when it had lost its virtue, for otherwise they never would have gone to it for purposes so oppo-

site, as the cure of love and the punishment of delinquency, unless (as I believe) they meant both to be effected by death. The next day having seen the island of Ithaca, and coasted Cephalonia*, we found at night, by rockets, that the Venetian fleet lay in the bay of Zante, where we anchored about two A. M.

Zante is the most valuable, though not the most extensive, of the few Greek islands which the republic still retains. There are but few ships bound to the Adriatic that do not touch here, some of them take in a cargo of currants. This rich and wholesome article of consumption is the dried fruit of grapes, which are peculiar to a few of these islands, and to part of the Morèa. They are as inferior in size as (in my opinion) superior in flavour to all other; indeed I think them the most delicious I ever tasted. There are two sorts,—the black and the purple, both of which are now ripe; but the inhabitants

* This island is sometimes called Cephalenia.

do not gather them till August ; when they are exposed to the sun till dried, then put into hogheads and trodden down by naked feet to compress and to preserve them the better. Zante freights six or seven ships annually, and Cephalonia four, the greater number of which are English.

The day after our arrival, we were visited by the Procurator Emo, Admiral of the fleet, whose name is frequently mentioned in the London papers : by the Proveditor, or Governor of Zante, and by all the foreign Consuls of the island ; among whom was Mr. Serjeant, the English Consul—a gentleman who has shewn me much attention. From him I learnt that the last of our countrymen who visited this island, was that great philanthropist Mr. Howard, whose simplicity of manners and extreme abstinence (for he subsisted on bread, fruits, and tea) astonished all who knew him. They were surprised that a man of his fortune should come in a merchantship without even a servant to attend him. I told them

them *that he consulted the benefit of mankind more than his own convenience*, but they had not *virtue* enough to comprehend me ; indeed the common people are the most vindictive and sanguinary wretches that ever existed, as scarce a week passes without murder. But the frequency of this crime should, in a great measure be attributed to a feeble and corrupt government. There are at Venice hords of indigent nobility called *Barnabotti*, who, being too poor to exist at home, are, when armed with authority by the Senate, let loose upon the defenceless inhabitants of their cities in Dalmatia, and islands of the Adriatic. From these venal despots every thing within their power is to be obtained by a bribe, and nothing without it : so that their decisions in civil causes are purchased, and assassination too has its price. The Proveditor of this island is not indeed a Barnabotto, but he has not fortitude, nor perhaps virtue enough, to correct the system of government pursued by his predecessors, which is worse than can be well imagined.

The

The town of Zante is narrow and long, extending itself on the sea shore. Behind it is a steep hill, the summit of which has a fortress or castle in ruins. The bay is capacious, but so much exposed to the north and north-east winds, as to be extremely dangerous for vessels. We are now lying in the middle of seven line of battle ships. You will not imagine that I, who am so partial to Venice, would be prejudiced against its fleet, when I tell you, that although the Venetians possess fourteen sail of the line, besides frigates, of which they boast immoderately, their navy is most despicable; and in reality, it is impossible to be otherwise, as long as the present defective mode of nautical education, and invidious distinction between their officers, subsist. None but noble Venetians can have the command of a ship; and only four years service is required to qualify them for the charge. Their inability in this important station would be too detrimental to the interest of the republic, if it were not for the experience of the masters (*I Capitani*) who are

no other than the nurses of the *governatori* or commanders. These men are taken from merchant-ships for the purpose; and are generally good pilots in, but not out of the Mediterranean. The navy is composed of ships and galleys: the captains of the latter, though now become useless, take precedence of the former, being of prior establishment. Their uniform is scarlet, the other blue and white, like ours. You will naturally suppose, that the officers of the men of war being such as I have described them, the crews can be no other than a poor, cowardly, undisciplined banditti, for so they are. On board the *Galatea* they continually refuse obedience to the orders of their superiors, and are kept from mutiny by a company of Esclavonian soldiers stationed on the quarter deck. But I have said more than enough upon this subject, I will change it for a better.

When I got up on the morning of our arrival, I beheld the object I most desired to see, I beheld, oh let me write it in Italicks,

licks, *The main Land of Greece, the Peloponnesus*; and never did the appearance of any country give more delight. As I gazed upon the coast of Elis, not many miles from that sacred place in which the Olympic games, the nurse of Grecian virtue and enterprise, were celebrated, the melancholy reflection of its departed glory succeeded the joy I at first felt. I looked stedfastly upon it, my remembrance made my sorrow insupportable, and I burst into tears. No man ever *knew* the Greeks who did not admire them above all other people: how then could I behold their country without lamenting the loss of such inhabitants? This and the adjacent islands were governed by Ulysses, and furnished their quota of ships and troops for the Trojan expedition.

Αὐτὰρ Ὀδυσσεὺς ἦγε Κεφαλλήνας μεγαθύμους,

οἱ γ' ἰθάκην εἶχον καὶ Νήριτον εἰνοσίφυλλον,

καὶ Κροκύλει ἐνέμοντο καὶ Ἀργίλιπα τερχεῖαν.

οἱ τε Ζάκυνθον εἶχον.*

Iliad. Book E. lin. 634.

Imitated.

- Ulysses led the Cephalonian band
Of gen'rous men, who own'd the woody land

Of

In the 36th book of Livy we find this island ceded to the Roman general Titus Quintius by the Achæans. He persuaded it by comparing them to a tortoise, who could only remain in safety when every part of it was collected under the shell; so they could only defend the countries of Peloponnesus which bordered on their own. "Those (said Quintius) you may easily gain, and protect when acquired." Yesterday I went on shore to examine the country, and having hired mules and a guide, rode to a remarkable pitch-spring. So great a quantity of it rises with the water, that the proprietors collect, one year with another, fourscore large barrels. Its scent is much stronger than that of vegetable pitch; and on coming out of the earth, it is quite soft, but soon hardens in the air.

From

Of Neritos, and Ithaca's bold strand.
Those too whom Crocylean mothers bore,
And those who on Ægylippa's rude shore,
And at Zacynthus dwell.

From the epithets *Ἰαννίς* and *Nemorosa*, which Homer and Virgil have applied to Zante, I expected to have found in it many groves and copses ; but saw no other wood than vines and a few olive trees. On my return we dined in grand gala on board the Procurator Emo's ship, and took leave of him. We shall depart in a few hours, so farewell.

Melos, Aug. 5, 1788.

ON the day I dated my last letter we left Zante, and carried by a favourable wind,

Strophadū me littora primū
Accipiunt ; Strophades Graio stant nomine dictæ,
Insulæ in Ionio magno, quas dira Celæno
Harpyæque colunt aliæ.* ÆN. iii. l. 212.

Imitated.

- * First to the shores of Strophades we came,
Of Strophades ycleaped, a Grecian name,
Islands, where, in the great Ionian tide,
Celæno and the harpy brood reside.

They

They are two in number, and now called Stravali. One of them, instead of being, as the inventive bard of Mantua has just told you, infested by monsters, has a convent of mild and charitable Caloyers, who, contrary to the general custom in these seas, supply without reward all vessels that touch there, with the excellent water of their monastery. As the wind lay in the west, we sailed near the shore of Messenia, on which my regard was fixed, being in continual expectation of seeing Sphaacteria, (now called Prodano) which happened the next morning. The fame of this little island is, from the defeat and capture of the Spartan troops by Demosthenes, and Cleon his presumptuous colleague, rendered immortal. The description of the engagement constitutes one of the most dignified and animated parts of Thucydides. As we passed I saw (and would I could have landed there) the shore opposite the Continent, on which the Spartans endeavoured to gain a footing, when Brasidas fainted from the wounds he had received in the combat,

combat, and lost his shield. Should you not immediately recollect this action, I must refer you to the beginning of the fourth book of Thucydides.

As we continued our voyage along the rocky coasts of Messenia and Laconia, my mind was all reflection, dwelling upon its former race of men, their laws, their discipline, their abstinence, their patience, their modesty, and their valour. I thought of Lycurgus, of Leonidas, of Agefilaus, of Agis, &c. and then compared the ancient with the modern inhabitants of this country. You will probably be much surpris'd when I say there is a strong similitude of character between them, especially as the latter, called Magnotti, are the only Greeks who resemble their predecessors. They are as free and independent as the ancient Spartans, being defended by their poverty, and the inaccessibility of their mountains, as fond of arms, still wearing on their heads iron helmets, in which they occasionally boil their black broth. They are

as addicted to robbery too as their ancestors, and like them think it an honourable act, provided it be done without detection. A boat with fix of these fellows in it came to us off the Tenarian promontory, or Cape Matapan, to sell their fish, and I think I never beheld man to such advantage; the aspect and lofty demeanour of each seemed to say to me:

*Σπάρτη μοί, Σπάρτη καὶ ἀνδρῶν παῖς.**

I believe they might have taken the Galatèa, if so inclined, for they would easily have swept the deck of the wretched animals we have on board. Having doubled the promontory, we sailed across the Sinus Laconicus, or gulf of Colochina, and arrived at Cythèra, or as now called Cerigo, an island subject to the Venetians, at the entrance of the Archipelago. Its ancient name, according to Aristotle, was Porphyrysa, so called from the shoals of purple

* Sparta's my country, Sparta fam'd for men.

fish taken on its coast. When Venus was born of the sea, she is said to have landed on this island, of which she became the presiding deity, and was from it called Cytherèa. The inhabitants erected to her a magnificent temple of marble, the produce of their country, and placed in it a statue of the goddess, represented as a beautiful girl naked and bathing. Her braided hair was ornamented with roses, and in her right hand she held a conch; before her stood the graces in a circle with their hands united, and Cupid in the act of shooting at Apollo. The beauties of these statues were, I presume, not inferior to those of the Venus di Medici; in short, they were Greek, but they are now destroyed, or at least buried and unknown. From this temple (some slight remains of which may be traced) Paris carried away Helen into Ægypt, *not to Troy*. There are many reasons which induce me to adopt this opinion. One I shall mention. It is probable from the prevalence of the north wind in summer, and the uncertain navigation of the

Ægean, that had he failed for Troy, he would have been delayed and intercepted; when, on the contrary, his passage to Egypt was sure and expeditious. The island of Cerigo is mountainous, but it produces corn and rich wines. I have just observed to you, that the north wind, which the Italians call Il Tramontana, is at this season predominant in the Archipelago. It drove us within five leagues of Crete; then fell, and rose again in the south, so that we only saw the coast of this celebrated island. You recollect it was the birth-place of Jupiter, and called *ἑκατόμπολις*, from its hundred cities. Many illustrious men has it produced, among whom were Strabo; and in elder days Minos, a king so renowned for his good laws, that poets have called him one of the three judges in the shades below. Nevertheless, these illustrious characters did not prevent that general imputation which fell upon their countrymen of being above all nations addicted to falsehood, for no

ex-

expression was more common among the Greek than Κρητες αινει ψευδαι*.

The Bailo and his company were much rejoiced at the change of wind, and entertained hope of soon reaching the Dardanelles ; but this prospect was scarce the idol of an hour, for having sailed as high as the shores of Argolis, it again veered to the north, and drove us into this island, where we found a deep and safe harbour almost circular.

The day after our arrival, Foscarini and his company, being assured that the plague was not here, went on shore. About a mile and a half from the port we entered the ruins of a town, which has in the present century been remarkable for its handsome buildings. Its shattered state reminded me of Messina, the destruction of each being equally general, and occasioned by calamities equally severe, though dissimilar

* The Cretans are always liars.

—pestilence and earthquake. It was built when the Venetians possessed Melos; the harbour being then the winter station of their ships and galleys, the population of the island was considerable; but fatal to its prosperity was the capture of it by the Turks. The inhabitants, differing from their barbarian conquerors in religion and manners, were subject to every grievance that could result from intolerance, avarice, and military despotism. In addition to these miseries the want of government and protection continually expose them to the ravages of the plague; as the ships, that spread this exterminating disease from the Nile to the Euxine, are at liberty to enter any port in the Turkish dominions,—the necessary precaution of quarantine being deemed by the Mussulman an impious violation of his religion. Thus it is that ignorance and superstition have reduced the other islands in the Archipelago to the same deplorable condition as that of Melos; where I neither find garrison, soldiers, nor even individual Turk, but yet these

these poor creatures are not so forgotten, as to be exempt from taxes, for the chief men are compelled to collect whatever impositions the Divan exacts of their countrymen, and to carry them annually to the Capoudan Pasha, or high admiral at Paros, where he receives those of the other islands at the same time. The Greeks of Melos differ, though not materially, in appearance from the Corfiots and Zantiots, The custom of wearing the beard is more prevalent among them, and their dress in some respects resembles the Turkish habit. The women are in general well made and beautiful. Their hair is dark, their eyes large, with more languor than expression in them. They are uncommonly full in the bosom, reminding me of Homer's descriptive epithet βαθυκοιλπος* and their loose and airy manner of clothing themselves heightens that voluptuous appearance for which they have been distinguished. Their climate has the same effect upon them as upon the fruits, in bringing them to matu-

* Deep-bosomed.

rity at an age, which in England is considered far from adult. They marry at twelve or thirteen, for about that period I have seen them with children at the breast. Though soon in decay, longevity is as common here as elsewhere.

On the third day after our arrival, I went on shore with a small party in search of antiquities. The Venetian consul having hired mules and a guide for us, we travelled to Acomia, a village upon a high hill on the northern side of Melos, whence we surveyed the adjacent islands. From that place we descended to the site and scattered remains of a city, which I persuaded myself was the same that bestowed its freedom on the Milesian philosopher Thales. Having formed a thousand conjectures in less than half an hour, *on this heap of stones, where many happy families have dwelt*, we re-ascended, and breakfasted in the house of a Papa, who put before us bread, cheese, eggs, honey, fruits, and a flask of delicious wine. The melons, grapes, figs, peaches, and mulberries of this warm and prolific climate,

climate, are infinitely the highest flavoured fruit (if I except the currants of Zante) I ever tasted. The first of these frequently weigh seven or eight pounds each, which they sell for a Parà, or penny, and all the other fruits are as cheap. We admired the clean appearance of our host's dwelling. The bed-clothes, curtains, table-cloths, and womens' apparel were of white cotton—the growth of the island. The cultivation of this useful plant is extremely simple. In March the seed is steeped in water, and then sown lightly in a sandy soil. The stock, when full grown, is two feet in height, bearing leaves that resemble the geranium, and a blossom of pale yellow. The cotton vegetates in a pod as large as a walnut, and becomes ripe in September. The cultivators of it dread a heavy shower of rain in that month; for should it fall when the pod is open, it would, by raising the dust, soil the crop, and materially injure the harvest. This is the principal commodity of the island; but it also produces metals, allum, sulphur, grain, wine, cheese, figs, honey, wax,

wax, saffron, salt, and medicinal roots, and is famous for its warm baths and mineral waters. If England should ever be possessed of Melos, it would soon become the most opulent of these islands, by being an asylum for the rich Greek merchants, who would fly to it from the rapacity and persecution of the Turks *. I am told, that in some places the air is unwholesome, but this is in consequence of its rich soil being neglected, like the Campagna di Roma.

Yesterday, I made an excursion to its southern shores, and was shewn the ruins of a temple sacred to the Mother of the Gods the favourite deity of the Melians, and some heaps of broken marble, supposed to have been the tomb of Mnestheus, who was shipwrecked here on his return from Troy.

* If England were to form a close alliance with the Porte, in opposition to the encroachment of Russia, I am persuaded it would cede to us not only this, but others of the Greek islands. This is a subject not undeserving of a Minister's consideration.

Melos

Melos was originally peopled from Phænicia and Crete, and in after ages colonized by the Lacedæmonians. There is in Thucydides a conference between the Athenians and Melians, in which the former endeavour, but in vain, to persuade the latter into subjection. A few months after this attempt, the capital of Melos was surprised, every man put to the sword, and all the women and children reduced to slavery. Is it not a severe imputation upon the nature of man, that a people so addicted to philosophy as the Athenians, could be capable of an action, the enormity of which cannot be exceeded by the most savage inhabitants of Africa. From this and other examples of a similar nature, I fear, that cruelty is (generally speaking) a principal inherent in our disposition, and not to be eradicated by the most rational and refined system of education.

LETTER XXXII.

Channel between the Coast of Troy
and Tenedos, August 19, 1788.

WHEN last on shore at Melos, I was much pleased in seeing a marriage ball. The dancers were men of Argos, who worked in the salt pits of the island, and their manner was so rude, that I discovered (or at least thought so) traces of the Pyrrhic dance. In the evening of that day the wind changed, but not sufficiently for us to attempt the narrow mouth of the harbour; therefore, to employ the time agreeably, we amused ourselves by fishing, and were successful. When my servant awakened me the next morning, I found the Galatéea under way off the isle of Syphnos. We soon passed Seriphos and Cythnos, saw at a distance the Scyllæan promontory in Argolis, now Cape Scilli, and in the evening coasted Ceos, when the wind fell, which
(I believe)

(I believe) was regretted by all on board, but me. I on the contrary rejoiced, for Attica was in sight, the country which of all others I most desired to behold. As I stood upon the deck, wishing that some kind tempest would even beat us upon the coast, I saw what I thought a building upon Cape Sunion; impatient to behold more distinctly an *Attic* habitation, though it were a cottage, I hurried for a telescope. Conceive, if you can, my surprise and pleasure, when, instead of a peasant's hut, I viewed the columns of a temple, which stands upon a steep rock over the sea. I continued gazing on it till night, and then, instead of assisting at the Bailo's card table (our general custom) retired to my little cabin, and a Pausanias, which my learned and ingenious friend the Abbate Carolini gave me as the best *Vade Mecum* I could take into Greece. In it, I found that this temple was dedicated to Minerva Suniadis, or Minerva presiding over the promontory Sunion, now called from these pillars, Il Capo di Colonne. The next morning I
arose

arose at day-break, and being still nearer the shore, continued to look upon the noble ruin, until it died away in the distance. Having coasted the isle of Macris, called by the Italians *Isola Lunga*, we passed the entrance of the Euripus, and beheld, but not distinctly, the famous plain of Marathon. Between Eubæa and Antandros the wind got up, and blew violently. We ran thirteen leagues under a press of sail, and, fearful of the lee shore of Scios, took shelter in the neighbouring little island of Psyra, or Ipsera. Having landed, we found a small ill-built town upon the beach; but the mien and figure of the inhabitants made us overlook every other object, for they reminded me of the Magnotti off Cape Matapan. Ipsera producing only grapes, melons, and figs, the islanders have recourse to the sea for subsistence, and traffick for their neighbours, more opulent, but less industrious. In the last war between the Ottoman and Muscovite, they manifested their disaffection to the former, by serving on board the fleet of the latter; but at the
commence-

commencement of the present, the Capou-dan Pasha anticipated their intention, by pressing 250 of their best mariners, whom he immediately distributed among the ships destined for the Black Sea. We sailed from Ipsera on the 12th ult. Instead of taking a direct course, the wind carried us between the main land of Asia and Lesbos, one of the largest and best cultivated of the Greek islands. Formerly it had many cities, the ruins of which are still extant, and was so powerful by sea, as to dispute the empire of the Ægean with Athens. Among its illustrious characters were Pittacus one of the seven wise men of Greece, Sappho, the poet Alcæus, and Arion, who, they tell you, was so skilled in musick, that he won even the affections of a dolphin. If I remember well too, it was in this island that Pompey left his Cornelia when he went to dispute with Cæsar at Pharfalia the power of enslaving his country.

Having passed the promontory Lectum, the present Cape Babà, we coasted the ancient

cient kingdom of Priam, on which my eyes were constantly fixed, and about sunset came to anchor between it and Tenedos.

Est in conspectu Tenedos, notissima famâ
Insula, dives opûm, Priami dum regna manebant,
Nunc tantum sinus et statio malefida carinis.*

ÆN. 2. lin. 23.

When the Greeks pretended to raise the siege of Troy, their fleet (as you may remember) lay concealed behind this island.

As the wind was favourable for sailing up the Hellespont, or Dardanelles, I dreaded its continuance, which would prevent, at least for some time, my visit to the *Campos ubi Troja fuit*.† I must inform you, that no foreign ship of war can pass these famous

Imitated.

* In sight is Tenedos, well known to fame;
A prosp'rous isle when Troy bore Priam's sway;
But now choaked up with sand—a false and treach'rous bay.

† The plains where Ilium stood.

Straits,

Straits, except by permission of the Sultan, or his Prime Minister. He generally sends two of his galleys to meet the Venetian Ambassador, but as they were employed in the war, we were obliged to shift ourselves and baggage on board the *Penelope*, a merchant ship that attended us. Before this business was effected however, the wind changed, and blew so directly against us that to attempt the channel was impracticable.

It has fortunately so happened, that the farther I have travelled, the more the objects of sight and contemplation have become interesting. Judge of this when I tell you that the Trojan coast which rises gradually from the sea, is (though uncultivated, being covered with holm oak, &c.) possessed of innumerable charms. Along it are scattered the marble remnants of its ancient grandeur. Within two miles of the water we behold the ruins of Alexandrian, or modern Troy. To the north-east are the hills that bound the plain of Ilium, and be-

hind all is Mount Ida. This scene, rich and affecting, as it *naturally* is, receives additional beauty from a Turkish camp of Spahis, or Horse. Their tents, their colours, and their gilded crescents, in all the pomp of war, and glittering in the sun, make a most pleasing appearance. Yet when I look upon them, I sigh at the melancholy change that has taken place from the former to the present inhabitants of this renowned land. The morning after our arrival, I went on shore with two Venetian gentlemen, and passed through this camp, where I had the first specimen of that contempt with which these Barbarians regard a Christian. However, we much admired the magnificent pavillion of the Bey, or General, richly carpeted and lined with silk. At the entrance were his arms hung in a trophy, and about him the tents of his officers, ornamented in a similar, though less sumptuous manner. Between the camp and the ruins we walked over the groundwork of many a former edifice, and traced the city wall a considerable way. The principal

cipal remains consist of a building, which we saw on coming to anchor. It is difficult to determine on this august structure, whether it were Thermæ, a temple, or a palace. Its grand entrance was by three gateways, the central of which is the largest, having had before it a noble portico, now a mass of ruins, that almost fills the greater arch. Among these ruins are found pieces of the richest marble, green and yellow antique, African, granate, and porphyry; besides such parts of its fluted columns that raise the highest idea of its grandeur, and the liveliest sensations of regret for its present melancholy state. The body of the building is oblong, not less than 400 feet in length, and 200 in breadth. At the side are small arches, all of which, except those in the northern wall, are filled up.

I am induced to think that from the portico of this building, there was a noble street which led to the port. The ruins of this port, though continually beaten by the surge, are still extant. I should have told

you, that before we came to this edifice we beheld a small amphitheatre, which, if cleared of the earth and brambles that cover it, would be found in a very high state of preservation. The next object that engaged our attention was a massy pile of subterraneous structure, on which it will be as difficult to pronounce as on the first. Indeed I am almost induced to think it a mausoleum. The dome is so easy of ascent, that we walked up to the top; and, on going into it, found four or five apartments, which now, alas the change! are occasionally used as places of shelter, from the inclemency of the weather, for the camels of those caravans that journey along this solitary coast. A little onward to the south we beheld the groundwork of a spacious theatre, which fully proves the former magnificence of this city. The vault that supported the proscenium still remains, being about 240 feet in length, and 18 in breadth. The area is covered with the ruins of the building, but the seats are so little damaged, that they might be easily restored. I would wish I
had

had permission, time and money enough, to search these ruins for those valuable treasures,—the statues that are buried under them, were it not in vain to desire that, which never can be obtained: perhaps some future Ambassador at Constantinople will do this.

Regardless of either Turks, Greeks, or pestilence, I went on shore the next day, with a determination to discover the extent of this city. Below its southern wall, which stood on the brow of a hill, is a valley defended from the inundations of the sea by an immense artificial bank. About three miles from the shore this valley runs into two branches, being divided by a hill on which, part of the city was built. Having taken with me an Esclavonian marine, who speaks the Turkish language, we passed the ruins I have described, and soon came to the extremity of the first division, bounded by a wall. We descended into the northern branch of the valley that separates the two hills, and having crossed a small brook,

mounted the latter, on which I found fewer traces of structure, and those so much more decayed than the ruins of the other hill, that I would have supposed the one to be the modern, and the other the ancient Troy, had these been sufficient grounds for the supposition. I wandered there an hour, then, descending into the southern branch on the farther side, came to two springs of water, the one quite hot and the other cold, The first of these is converted into a bath, being remarkably sanative of sores, tumours, and weaknesses, insomuch as to be frequented by valetudinarians from Smyrna, and places still more remote. Near this bath lies a headless and mutilated statue of white marble. Thence we continued our researches up the country, and having walked three or four miles further, arrived at a village, in which is a mosch, that contains some ancient lapidary inscriptions. As I was known by my dress to be an *Infidel*, the minister, or Imam, would scarce permit me to enter the yard, and when I would have copied what I found on one of these marbles
that

that supported the post of a penthouse adjoining the mosch, he with uncommon indignation insisted upon my going out, so that I only could write down

*Laudiodorus mancus fil Neronis Germanici.**

As we returned, I was conducted by a native of the country to a broken column of Egyptian granate, which astonished me, as it measured in circumference 18 feet at the base, and 27 in length.

Though I am convinced by many passages in Homer, and also by Strabo, that the ruins I have described to you can be no other than those of the Troy, that was begun by Alexander, continued by Lyfimachus, and in after ages enlarged, &c. by the Romans: yet Pietro della Valle, and many other ingenious men, have thought that the modern was built upon the scite of the ancient city, and their supposition indeed

* *Laudiodorus* the lame, the son of Nero Germanicus.

is not destitute of probability. In the first place the artificial bank might have been part of the fortification thrown up by the Grecians to defend their fleet from the sea, though Homer describes it as a wall, and says the whole was entirely destroyed. They might also have strengthened this their belief by the discovery of the two fountains which I have mentioned ; as in the Iliad the death of Hector is represented near such springs, which flow too into a stream that might have been (in their opinion) the Scamander.

ἔνθα δὲ πηγαὶ

Δοιαὶ ἀναΐσσωσι Σκαμάνδρῳ δινέεργος.

Ἡ μὲν γὰρ θ' ὕδατι λίαρ' ἔχει, ἀμφὶ δὲ καπνὸς

Γίνεται ἐξ αὐτῆς, ὥστε πύρος αἰθομένοιο

Ἡ δ' ἐτίγῃ θέρει προρεῖ, εἰκυῖα χαλάζη.

Ἡ χιόνι ψυχρῇ.*

Imitated.

* Here the two fountains of Scamander rise,

The one all hot and steamy as it flows,

The other cold as hail, or frozen snows.

This fountain might have been frequented from Smyrna, &c. in Homer's time, and perhaps he alludes to it.

ILIAD. B. 22. lin. 147, &c.

What

What too shall we say of those lines in Virgil, which I have already cited? "*Est in conspectu Tenedos.**" This island lies almost in front of Alexandrian Troy, but cannot be seen from the upper part of the coast. The last observation I shall make in favour of this opinion is, the appearance of the ruins in many places, which seem coeval with the time of Priam.

But, on the contrary, if this were the Ilium which Homer celebrates, how can we possibly understand him, when he says, the Græcian fleet was drawn up on the shore of the Hellespont.

Φευόντες, νῆας τε καὶ ἑλλήσποντον ἴκοντο.†

ILIAD. B. 18. lin. 150.

The navy lay between the Sigæan and Rhæ-téan promontories. At one extremity was Achilles, at the other Ajax Telamoniades, and in the middle Ulysses. Thus when

* In sight is Tenedos.

† Flying, they to the ships and Hellespont return'd.

Jupiter

Jupiter sent the goddess Discord to incite them to battle, the poet observes,

Ζεύς δ' ἔριδα προΐαλλε θεῶς ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν
 Ἀργαλέην, πολέμιοι τέραι μετὰ χερσὶν ἔχουσαν.
 Στῇ δ' ἐπ' Ὀδυσσεὺς μεγακῆτι νῆι μελαίνῃ,
 ἥ ῥ' ἐν μισσάτῳ ἔσκε, γεγυμένῃ ἀμφοτέρωσι,
 ἥ μὲν ἐπ' Αἴαντος κλισίας Τελαμονιάδου,
 ἥ δ' ἐπ' Ἀχιλλεύου τοῖ ῥ' ἑσχατὰ νῆα ἔσας
 εἵκυσαν, ἥνορ' ἐν πύσσιν καὶ κάρτεϊ χερσὶν *.

ILIAD. B. II. lin. 3, &c.

Before Alexandrian Troy are no promontories that answer the following description,

Οὐδ' γὰρ, οὐδ' ευρύς περ ἑὸν, ἰδυί' Ἰσάλο πάσας
 Αἰγυιαλὸς νῆας χαδεύειν* σκοντο δὲ λαοί.

Imitated.

* To the swift fleet of Greece at Jove's command,
 War's ensign waving in her bloody hand,
 Discord creating-sorrow wing'd her way,
 And on the black hulk where Ulysses lay
 She stood. His station was between them all,
 That Ajax and Achilles at his call
 To war or counsel might the chiefs attend,
 They on their prowess could alone depend,
 And therefore rang'd their ships at either end.

Τῷ ῥα προκίσσας ἔρυσαν, καὶ ἀλλήσαν ἀπέσκη

Ἥϊανος σῶμα μακρὸν ὅσον συνείργαθον ἀκραι.*

ILIAD. B. 14. lib. 33.

These and other circumstances, which I shall soon mention, induced me to think that Ilium stood near the Hellespont. My visit therefore to modern Troy could not satisfy my curiosity. That city was never taken by Hercules, had never sustained a ten years siege, had never been immortalized by the muse of Homer, and consequently could never be thought a substitute, for the

Divûm domus Ilium, et inclytâ bello

Mænïa Dardanidum.†

On Wednesday the 10th of September I went on shore, and having hired horses for

- The shore, though long, had not for all a place,
But ships on ships lay in too narrow space;
They rang'd them line on line, and then they'd reach
From Cape to Cape, and cover all the beach.

† Ilium's divine abode, and Dardan walls,
Renown'd in war.

my

my interpreter, my guide, and myself, determined to visit (if I could discover it) the ground on which the city stood ; for nothing more remains, as all consuming time, and the ravages of Barbarians have, in the words of Shakespear, “ left not a rack behind.” We rode northward along the coast through a rich and woody country, enlivened by the rising sun. I was delayed some time in examining the broken marbles and columns which were in our road, but at length ascended an easy eminence, from which (oh grand and affecting object !) I looked over the plain, the very plain, which was the scene of Homer’s battles. Those who read the Iliad with *enthusiasm*, and those *only*, can conceive *my sensations*. I was for some time motionless, gazing upon the plain, the site of Ilium,* (for doubtless I have found it) and Mount Ida. Before I descended I could not but repeat aloud,

* It stood at the upper end of the plain.

Juvat ire et Dorica castra,
Desertosque videre locos, littusque relictum ;
Hic Dolopūm manus, hic sævus tendebat Achilles,
Classibus his locus, hic acies certare solebant.*

ÆN. ii. lin. 30.

I soon reached the Xanthus, or Scamander,
though on foot, for I had left my horses to
follow me as they could. I believe Homer
never saw it, or he would not have con-
verted a gentle brook into a broad and
rapid river.

Οὐδὲ Σκάμανδρος ἔλθῃ το σν μένος ἀλλ' ἐτι μάλλον
Χαίετο Πηλείωνι, κορυσσσε δὲ κύμα ῥόειο,
Τ' ἔσ' αἰετομένοσ.†

Il. B. 21. lin. 305. &c.

Imitated.

* Great the delight the Dorian camp t' explore,
The plain now silent, and deserted shore ;
E'en here the Dolopéan phalanx lay,
And fierce Achilles bent his fatal way ;
There were the ships, and here proud battle rag'd,
When Gods and Greeks and Troy's bold sons engag'd.

Imitated.

† Nor did Scamander his dread force retain,
But 'gainst Pelides rush'd a mighty main,
Bearing his waves on high, and sweeping all the plain.
Having

Having walked through it, I went to its fountains*; then crossed the plain, and ascended an eminence on which the city stood, a little beyond a village, called Burnabachi, about nine miles from the Hellespont. There I staid at least two hours, searching for some remnant of it. I took up a thousand stones, on which, however, I could find no trace, but at length discovered a small piece of mortar as hard as marble, and this I shall preserve as an inestimable treasure.

From the scite of the city which corresponds with Homer's epithet *Ἠνειαῖον* being exposed to the wind, I returned to the banks of the Scamander,† which I followed

* They are a little lower on the plain than the scite of Ilium, but difficult of being discovered from the rushes that surround them. However I put my hand into them, and found either Homer in an error or their nature changed, for they are now both cold.

See Homer's Il. B. 22. lin. 147.

† This river has been diverted by a canal cut southward, but I pursued its ancient channel.

until

until it brought me to the dry channel of the Simois, and thence proceeded to the shore of the Hellespont, between the Sigæan and Rhætæan promontories, where the ships were drawn up. In the centre is the lowest of the Turkish castles, built to defend the passage of these straits. You will agree with me that the son of Laertes must have had a most astonishing voice to be heard from it at the two extremities of the fleet, when I tell you they are four miles asunder.

Having rode over all the beach, we ascended the Sigæan promontory, now called Il Capo di Gianizari, on which, like Alexander, I visited the tomb of Achilles and Patroclus. It is a high mound of earth formed like a cone, or sugar loaf.

We saw where Monsieur de Choisseul Gouffier, the French Ambassador at Constantinople, had cut into it; but I know not yet what he found.

That

That this is the tomb of these heroes, and I may add of Antilochus, for it contained his urn, I have not a doubt, being convinced of it by Homer, who, in the last book of his *Odyfsey*, makes the shade of Agamemnon say to that of Achilles (having previously told him that his remains were deposited with those of Patroclus, and near them the bones of Antilochus.)

Ἄμφ' αὐτοῖς, δ' ἔπειτα μέγαν καὶ ἀμύμονα τύμβον
 Χέναμεν Ἀργείων ἱερὸς σρατὸς αἰχμητῶν
 Ἀκτῇ ἐπὶ πρυμνήσῃ, ἐπὶ πλατείᾳ Ἑλλησπόντῳ.
 Ὡς κεν Τηλεφάνης ἐκ πονίόφιν ἀνδράσιν εἴη,
 Τοῖς οἱ νῦν γεγάασι, καὶ οἱ μετοπισθεν ἰστοῦται.*

Hom. *Odyss.* lib.24. lin. 80.

I staid so long near this sacred monument (which is an indisputable proof of the *Iliad* being founded on reality) that it was late before we reached our vessel. Much was

Imitated.

- * High o'er the Hellespont's projecting coast,
 Thy tomb was raised by all the Græcian host;
 That men in future times may view the mound,
 As they sail by, and venerate the ground.

I tired,

I tired, but how amply was the fatigue of such a day rewarded by the amusement !

About a week after this excursion, I rode eighteen miles up the country to the foot of Ida, so famed for the loves of Venus and Anchises, for the judgement of Paris, &c. It still answers precisely to the picture of Homer, who calls it *μήτηρ φονέων*—the mother of wild beasts, by which it is so much infested, particularly by jackalls, that the ascent is dangerous, but had each jackall attended upon his *lion*, I was resolved to reach the top. I did so ; and there, with more pleasure than Jupiter ever felt on it, read many passages of Homer, descriptive of the sacred spot, and the surrounding scenery—which is divine. I returned to the sea shore at the moment that a caravan passed. Indeed I had seen many go by from the ship, but none so large as this. Most pleasing is the appearance of these travelling companies. The stately walk of the camels, continuing one after another in a long line : their mild and patient mien

under the heavy burdens which they kneel to receive: the manner of riding upon them, the dresses of the travellers, and in short all the novelty of the object, are well calculated to raise the admiration of an European.

That PROVIDENCE, my dear sir, which ordains all things for the best, has inured these animals to extreme hardship, and placed them in a country where no other beast could serve as a substitute for the necessities, the convenience, and the luxury of man.

Farewell.

LETTER

LETTER XXXIII.

Constantinople, Sept. 19, 1788.

ALTHOUGH the barbarism and bigotry of the Turks have induced me to think unfavourably of them; yet I lately beheld an action that would considerably elevate their character in my opinion (for I love virtue to my soul) if I could attribute it to humanity, and not to that uncharitable faith, which induces them to despise and mistrust all who dissent from them in religious sentiment. Being in want of fresh provision, the Bailo sent on shore to buy cattle. A cow was soon purchased, but when the sailors were going to force her into the boat, the feller interfered, declaring, that unless they suffered him to kill the beast, he would not dispose of her for ten times the value, as he knew not what cruelties *Infidels* might inflict upon her.

P 2

We

We had remained wind-bound eight and twenty days, and still there was no prospect of changing our situation, until a French gentleman and I determined on proceeding to Constantinople in an open boat. I am sorry to observe, that had Mr. Foscarini possessed but a small portion of his brother's amiable qualities, we had not been reduced to this disagreeable and dangerous expedient; but such is his disposition, that both of us would have risked any thing to be relieved from his insolence.

Tenedos was so infected with the plague, that no boat could be taken from that island, and we were obliged to write to the Venetian consul on the Dardanelles, who immediately sent us a Caique, or wherry, with six Greeks to row, and a Turk to steer it. In this we left the Penelope in the evening of the 13th, and proceeding all night, entered the mouth of the Hellespont at day-break. I was awakened by a wave that washed over us in the ripple of the two seas, and so wet, that, in imitation of the

the Persian despot, I could have scourged the element for offending. We soon arrived at the Sigæan promontory, whence I again walked over the beach on which the Græcian fleet was drawn up, whilst our boatmen towed their Caique against the strong current. Opposite to the castle upon this shore is another on the European side. They both have immense mortars on a level with the water, which discharge balls of stone not less than three feet in diameter. They certainly make a very formidable appearance, but I am induced to think the stone could not resist the explosion of the powder. However, at any rate, the forts might easily be captured by land, as on that side they have no fortification whatever. Our countryman, captain Elphinstone, who, in the last war between Russia and the Porte, commanded a line of battle ship under count Orloff, offered to force the passage with a few men of war. The haughty Muscovite, *being jealous of him*, rejected his proposal, and by so doing prevented, in all probability, the destruction

of Constantinople. Having rowed eighteen miles higher, we reached the second castle, which, like the first, is fronted by another on the opposite shore, but considerably larger, being governed by a Pasha of three tails. We landed in the town above it, though not without difficulty, being pelted with stones by some Turkish boys, but fortunately we met the Venetian consul on the strand, who conducted us to his house, and treated us with the greatest kindness and hospitality. His lady, whom we found equally attentive, had lately returned from the European coast, to which she had been driven by the plague. She told us, that before her departure from the Dardanelles, all her family had been locked up for weeks, in which time she had seen many expire near her door. At length, overcome with the groans of the dying, and fearful of her situation, she entreated her husband to remove her to the other side of the Straits. They accordingly set off at midnight, when her fear was considerably increased, left in the dark either of the boatmen,

men, being infected, should rub against them. But what made her condition still more deplorable, was her being far advanced in pregnancy. Happily, however, they reached their retreat in safety, where they continued until the contagion was much abated.

The scene which this lady painted to us was affecting, but much more so was the appearance of the German and Russian prisoners whom we saw there. The wretched condition of those poor soldiers makes me abominate these worse than Barbarians, the Turks. They are heavily chained two and two, oppressed with every species of insult and severity, and (you will scarce suppose it possible) entirely left for subsistence to the charity of the Christians and Jews. They are so reduced by hunger and slavery, that they can hardly walk, and their heads droop with despair. I cannot offer you a stronger instance of their misery, than by saying that two of them, but yesterday, having eluded the vigilance of their keeper,

walked deliberately into the sea, and drowned themselves. But yet, are the Turks more savage to their prisoners, than the English to their negro slaves?

Having hired another Caique, purchased provisions, and engaged two Janizaries, with the son of the English Consul, a Jew, to accompany us as interpreter to Constantinople; we continued our voyage on the same day, but before our departure, I met upon the beach a captain Barnard, who had been educated with me at Westminster. He was also on his way to Constantinople in a French sloop of war, which lay wind-bound in the Straits. I must not omit observing, that this town is by some supposed to stand upon the scite of Abydos, whence Leander, (if the verses of Musæus be true) used to swim to his beloved *Hero* of Sestos, though I think it stood near four miles higher, that is, on the narrowest part of the channel, where it is little more than a mile across, Herodotus says seven stadia, which is still less. But what will not love attempt?

attempt? Near it Xerxes transported, by a bridge of boats, his immense army into Europe. "On the next day (says the historian*) being willing to behold the return of the sun, they waited sacrificing upon the bridges all kinds of incense, and strewing the way with myrtles. When it was risen, Xerxes, pouring out a libation from a golden beaker, prayed to it, that no misfortune might happen to him before he had subdued Europe, and was again returning upon its confines. Having done this, he threw the cup into the Hellespont, together with a goblet of gold, and a Persian scimeter, which they call an Acinaces. I cannot determine with certainty, whether, if as dedicating these to the sun, he dropt them into the sea, or repenting that he had scourged the Hellespont, bestowed them as an atonement for the offence." I landed at this place, and endeavoured, but in vain, to find some remains of the marble throne, which

* See Herodotus, Lib. Polym. Cap. 54.

the inhabitants of Abydos erected for him to review his troops.

“ As now he looked over the Hellespont, “ hidden by his fleets, with all the shores “ and plains of Abydos thronged by his “ armies ; Xerxes vaunted his happiness, “ but soon after burst into tears*.” Being questioned by his uncle Artabanus upon this sudden change from one extreme to another, “ It happened (says the monarch) “ that in thinking, I bewailed the short “ space of human life, when of these na- “ tions, numberless as they are, not one “ may survive a century†.” Is not this reflection worthy of commemoration, and does it not throw much light upon the character of the Persian ?

About the close of this charming evening we went on shore, that our poor Greeks might refresh themselves with food and sleep. They kindled a fire under a rock

* Herod. Lib. Polym. Cap. 45.

† Cap. 46.

near which we supped, and soon after returned to rest in the boat. When we awoke the next morning we found ourselves in the entrance of the sea of Marmora, or Propontis, and near Gallipoli, formerly Callipolis, a town upon the Thracian shore, the external appearance of which is very mean. We feared the plague, and therefore did not enter it, but breakfasted on the rocks above it. My little French companion is an admirable caterer and cook, as I found by the good things he had provided. He prepared the chocolate while I was making a drawing of Gallipoli; and when we had regaled ourselves, entertained me with the music of his flute. It would be tedious to mention every town we passed upon the coast. I shall therefore only observe, that we were extremely shy of landing, and also of approaching too near the shore, being fearful of the deserters from the Turkish army, many of whom we saw. They would have shot us, and transported themselves in our boat to the opposite shore, being on their return to Asia—their native country.

country. The third day, however, we rowed into a little place, which we thought a paradise. It seemed inaccessible but by water, and is planted with vines and other fruit-trees that hang over a clear brook which murmurs through it. Having made a good repast, we slept two hours upon the grass, and before our departure carved our names on the bark of trees, which perhaps some future traveller may see. Our voyage was continued the greater part of the night, for our laborious Greeks were indefatigable, and the next day a favourable breeze carried us by Rodosto. Then sailing boldly with a strong wind across a gulph of the Propontis, we passed the ancient Heraclæa, and hoped to finish our voyage before night, but a tempest overtook and forced us under the walls of a small town for shelter.

We proceeded the next morning, which fortunately proved clear, and about ten o'clock, on doubling Cape Estefano, *came within sight of Constantinople.* When our view of it was complete, we were speechless

less with admiration, for I am persuaded that the whole earth has not in point of prospect any thing *so grand, so various, and so beautiful*. The view of Naples from its bay has indeed been put in competition with this; but I am sure by no man who has seen both,—a Neapolitan excepted. As our five days voyage had rendered us unfit to appear before our ambassadors, we went on shore to dress ourselves. Having passed the seven towers at the south-western extremity of the city, a new scene burst upon us in the innumerable people on shore, and on the water, whose appearance was totally different from any thing I had seen in the other states of Europe. Having proceeded near three miles through these various and interesting objects of regard, we reached the walls of the seraglio, from which our Greeks were ordered by a stern voice to remove, being too near. When we had gained the eastern point of it, they rowed us across the port to Pera, where we landed at the custom-house. Having delivered my trunks to

to the officers, I was conducted to the palace of Sir Robert Ainslie our ambaffador, by whom I have been received in a manner which I shall ever gratefully remember, and mention to you in a future letter.

LETTER

LETTER XXXIV.

Constantinople, October 6, 1788.

A FEW days before my departure from Venice, I was most politely favoured with a letter from Sir Ralph Payne, to Sir Robert Ainslie. Having read it, he immediately sent for my baggage to the custom-house, ordered an apartment for me in his palace, and begged me to consider myself as his guest during my stay at Constantinople. I assure you that I only do Sir Robert justice, when I observe that his merit in the honourable situation which he fills is superior to my encomium. No man can bear higher the dignity of a British Ambassador than he can when necessary, and no man so agreeably forget that dignity in the private society of his house. This politeness is not artificial, but genuine, being the result of a good heart, and an early intercourse with
men

men of sense and manners. But exclusive of this quality, he is, by his intimate acquaintance with the government and politics of the Porte, admirably qualified for his diplomatic function, and this knowledge, added to his ingenuous behaviour, has made him above all foreign Ministers the favourite of the Sultan and Divan. Since my arrival Lord Garlies and Mr. Cornish of the Pearl frigate, have come here by land from Smyrna, and Captain Barnard from the Dardanelles, who have been received by Sir Robert, so that our society is increased, and indeed improved, as they are all agreeable men. We generally breakfast in our private apartments, and from that time to dinner, wander about the city and its environs, being furnished by our generous host with every necessary accommodation ; interpreters, janizaries, servants, horses, &c. He has told us to do whatever we please in his house, and to command him at all times but in the morning, as he was then employed with his dispatches, and other business.

At

At four we sit down to a table spread with delicacies, and after dinner *a l'Angloise*, have before us twenty kinds of wines—the most rich and rare of Europe, the Greek islands, Jerusalem, and the coast of Asia Minor. On retiring to a drawing-room, about seven, we are served with what I never tasted before I came here, *good* coffee, for you have it not in England, as it loses so much of its flavour on the sea. Afterwards, we generally accompany his Excellency on his visits to the other foreign Ministers. There being no carriages in Constantinople, we go on foot, and in great style, preceded by half a dozen janizaries, and as many livery servants with flambeaux. On our return, the evening is concluded with cards or conversation.

Sir Robert, perceiving that I was extremely desirous of being acquainted with this city and its inhabitants, has done every thing in his power to gratify my inclination, and succeeded beyond hope. But Constantinople is a subject much too ample for

the compass of a few letters. I therefore can only describe to you those parts of it that are particularly deserving of attention, and relate with fidelity what I have collected with care.

The capital of the Turks, being like its parent city Rome, situate upon seven hills, is divided in four parts ;—Constantinople, called by the Turks Stamboul, Pera ; Galata, and Scutari. The second and third divisions are separated from the first by a branch of the sea, called the Port, near half a mile across*, and the last on the Asiatic coast, is divided from these by the Bosphorus, which is not less than two miles in breadth. I should suppose the circumference of the whole, including the water, to be from 17 to 20 miles, and the population, in time of peace, about 750,000 souls.†

* Generally acknowledged the best in the world, as ships of the first rate can moor close to the land, being sheltered on all sides from the weather.

† Of which three-fourths are Greeks and Armenians—the rest Franks, Jews, and Turks, so that the last are few in proportion to the other residents.

There

There is no city in Europe,—perhaps in world, that contains such a variety of inhabitants;—Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Franks, Jews, &c. &c. The three first of these nations are scattered over the whole, though the Greeks and Armenians have distinct places in which the body of them resides. The Franks dwell among the foreign Ministers in Pera, and the Jews in Galata.

Soon after my arrival, I took a Caique from Tophannah, a part of Pera, and directed the men to row me out from shore. Until this time, I thought no boatmen superior in activity to the gondoliers of Venice, but they are mere infants, when compared with the Turkish watermen. Their wherries are light, and when they urge them forward, they seem to glory in their strength. I went out two miles for the purpose of seeing to advantage this city and its vicinity, possessed as they are of every external beauty that can astonish and delight the beholder. It is in form triangular.

Q 2

From

From the north eastern point of the seraglio to the seven towers—a distance of four miles and a half, its side, washed by the Propontis, bends into the noblest crescent of continued buildings imaginable. The appearance of the Imperial palace from the sea is (I am convinced) far beyond any thing of the kind that exists. It is defended by two walls, with bastions and battlements, and a platform of cannon at the angle on the port, which are fired on several occasions, particularly to announce the execution of some of its inhabitants, who have incurred the anger of the Sultan, or his favourites. The gardens rise gradually from the water : On their summit are the buildings of the seraglio, which, though irregular, present with their leaden domes and gilded crescents a grand and magnificent aspect ; especially as the principal defects are covered by tall cypresses and other trees, with which the pleasure grounds are planted. Beyond this structure appear the moschs, surrounded by their slender minarets, or towers. On the other side of the
port,

port, which is crowded with shipping, and bordered with various buildings, such as chioschs, harems, bagnios, and the arsenal, rise the steep hills of Pera and Galata, covered with houses, among which the most conspicuous are the palaces of the foreign Ministers. It may be truly said that nature has been *lavish* of her bounty upon the Bosphorus, and the Turks, not insensible to its beauties, have filled its pleasant shores with villas. It terminates at Scutari. On turning about in my boat I was much pleased with the Prince Islands, eight or nine miles distant from Constantinople; and still more with the mountains of Asia, particularly Olympus, near Bursa, covered with eternal snow. When I had gazed some time in rapture upon this incomparable prospect, I returned and landed in Constantinople, where I visited, for the first time the Seraglio.

This celebrated palace which stands upon a considerable part of the city, is divided from it by strong and lofty walls. It con-

Q 3

sists

sists of three spacious courts and extensive gardens. To enter the first, I walked under the great gate from which Constantinople is denominated the *Porte*. The populace have often the horrid spectacle of German and Russian noses, ears, and lips nailed against it. It is guarded by fifty capigi, or royal porters, who like the janizaries, &c. carry no weapons at home, but canes. The first court is oblong, having upon the right the infirmary for the invalids of the seraglio, and on the left magazines of arms, the mint, &c. The roofs rise in cupolas, covered with lead, and make a very noble appearance. My interpreter told me that part of these buildings was the sacristy of Santa Sophia, but I cannot well think the church was ever so extensive. He was indeed a Greek, and the Greeks have no mercy on your belief when they talk of this their former basilick.

The second court (the gate of which is also guarded by fifty capigi) is almost square. In it is a corridor supported by
marble

marble columns—the spoils of Greece, under which is the station of the janizaries, and other attendants upon the Divan. Upon the right side is the kitchen and various offices of the seraglio, and on the left the Sultan's stables. No person but his highness can mount on horseback in this court. The middle of it has a beautiful fountain, surrounded with cypress trees, &c. near which, state delinquents are beheaded. At the extremity of this court, on the left, is that hall of justice of which you have heard so much, called the *Divan*. The Vizier and Musti are the principal members; but the most official seem to be the Cadelisquiers, or Chief Justices, who have the superintendence of all the inferior magistrates, or cadhies. There is a door that opens into this chamber from the interior seraglio, carefully guarded by the Capa-Agàsi and his white eunuchs, and a lattice window in which the Sultan often sits unperceived, and hears the judgment of the court. When this proves unjust, their lives frequently atone for their corruption.

The third court or residence of the Monarch, his women, his eunuchs, &c. is but little known, as none dare approach the gate but those who are called by the Emperor. Even the Vizier-Azém or Prime Minister, mighty as he is, trembles when he goes in on particular occasions; for many who enter are never seen again, unless when their bodies be thrown out from a balcony over the sea-beach. This gate is like that of the Divan, guarded by white eunuchs, than whom Argus or Cerberus were not more vigilant and severe, and the palace by Moorish eunuchs commanded by their Kislaar Agà or General. It is impossible to conceive the human form more horrid than it appears in the last of these animals; their faces are mutilated, their bodies distorted, and yet the unholy monsters (for so they are) principally possess the confidence and favour of the Sultan, who bestows on them the most gentle names, such as Rose, Jonquil, Narcissus, &c. &c. in consequence of this, their authority is so great that the proudest Pashas of the realm

court

court their protection, and shudder at their frown. Besides these, are mutes and dwarf-eunuchs to attend and divert the Grand Signior and his women. Thus the Seraglio is as it were a little kingdom of itself, being separate from the city, having its own particular customs, governed by its own laws, and known only to those who dwell in it. I am informed that the present Sultan Abdul Hamid gets up, in obedience to the injunctions of his religion, before sun-rise to offer his prayers to the Supreme Being. He therefore breakfasts early, and generally in those mornings when causes are heard in the Divan attends at his secret window. On other days he exercises or amuses himself in the gardens. At dinner, as in the eastern manner, he sits cross-legged upon cushions; the Icoglans or pages place before him a table about a foot in height, on which is spread a covering of Morocco leather. The meats on golden dishes are brought up to the door of his apartment by the Major Domino and his officers, where they are received by the Icoglans and served.

ed. His liquor is sherbet ;—wine being forbidden by the Alcoran. During dinner there are certain eunuchs who read to him the history of his predecessors, or a translation of Quintus Curtius ; but this anecdote I have heard denied, therefore cannot vouch for it. On Sundays and Tuesdays, when he rises from table, he goes to the saloon of audience, to converse with his Ministers upon state affairs, and every Friday at ten o'clock, it is almost an indispensable duty upon him to go publickly to one of the moschs : on this occasion he is attended by four or five hundred horse, among which are his principal eunuchs and officers, and also by two or three thousand janizaries, &c. &c. As he passes, all people are permitted to present him their petitions ; which when he sees lifted up on the end of a stick, he orders one of his slaves to receive. I have been twice present at this procession, and think it the most magnificent and interesting I ever beheld. The rich and various dresses, the beauty and furniture of the Arabian horses, the comely appearance of
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the janizaries and bostangis or corps of royal gardeners (whose singularly-formed caps of scarlet cloth are remarkable) in a word the splendour, the novelty, the silence, the solemnity of this spectacle, cannot, I think, but make a most powerful impression upon every foreign spectator. Before the mosch the soldiers were drawn up in ranks to receive his highness, on whose arrival they gave a general groan (which I find is in Turkey an indication of profound respect) and immediately fell to the ground upon their faces.

Abdul Hamid is in his 64th year. His countenance is long and solemn, his eyes large, full, and dark, but without expression : his other features regular, though far from pleasing : his beard is dyed black, and rather long : his dress is similar to those of his principal officers, except in the folds of the turban, and the ermine of the black fox ; which none are permitted to wear, it being like the Imperial purple of the Romans

mans, the distinctive badge of royalty. An attendant walked on one side of him, with his hand upon the pommel of the saddle, and after him rode his two sons, both children. I had an opportunity of observing the servile attention with which the courtiers address the Kislaar-Agà, and his fellow-slaves; and yet I am persuaded they all hate them cordially. But to return to the Seraglio.

It is impossible to give any certain account of its female inhabitants; many books indeed pretend to it, but believe me their contents are mere romance. Information of this kind can only come from the eunuchs, or women whom the Sultan has given in marriage to his Pashas, and it is not probable that they would divulge the secrets of the Haram. We know that the most honourable females are the Sultanas, or those who have borne children. They have their separate establishments, and are treated with great respect. The others live together, being governed by the Kadunes,

or Duennas of the Seraglio, and carefully guarded by the eunuchs, who punish with severity their most trifling faults. The Sultan generally cohabits with a select few : should he desire an addition to these, the ladies are assembled by the Kadan-Cahia, or Chief of the Duennas in a large apartment, where he chooses and declares his choice by presenting the object of it with a pledge. The Seraglio is supplied by the Pashas or Governors of Provinces, who send to it the most beautiful girls they can find. They are principally Circassians, because they are naturally more delicate than the Georgians ; but among them are women from almost every part of the empire and many foreigners. When the Monarch dies, his Sultanas are removed to the old Seraglio, which becomes their place of residence, and of all the royal race, except the reigning Sultan's infant children. The eldest male of the *family* always succeeds to the throne. The immediate successor of Abdul Hamid therefore will not be his son but his nephew

phew Selim *, if not cut off to make room for his cousin. This Prince is eight and twenty years of age, and by report a handsome man. He has, since his father the late Sultan's death, been immured in the old Seraglio, which he cannot leave but with his uncle. Women are allowed him, but only such as are supposed to be past child-bearing, yet should either of them bring forth a male, the infant would, according to the jealous and inhuman policy of these barbarians, be immediately strangled; as otherwise he might succeed to the throne before the children of the reigning Prince.

The authority of the Grand Signior is unquestionably the most absolute among the sovereigns of Europe, as his subjects not only regard him with awe in a political light as the lord of their lives and properties, but with veneration in a religious one,

* Since these letters were written, Abdul Hamid has been poisoned, and Selim has succeeded to the diadem.

as the successor and representative of their prophet. Nevertheless, though thus fortified with power and public opinion, he is subject to all the evils of a military Government *,—to degradation and death. This happens when the fanatic multitude are taught to think their religion or welfare in danger from the neglect or imbecility of the Prince. Then it is, that lost to those sentiments which inspired them with respect and attachment, they murmur, assemble, dethrone and destroy him, in expectation of enjoying under the government of his successor, the security and advantages which were denied them in his. Yet the Vizier-Azem is in a manner responsible for the misdeeds of his master ; and often, though perhaps reluctantly, given a sacrifice to the blind fury of a mob for his personal protection. The authority of this Minister (who bears round his neck the great seal of the

* The janizaries are at Constantinople, what the Prætorian bands were in Rome ; as mercenary, as turbulent, and as powerful, but less enlightened.

empire)

empire) knows no limit but the Sultan's will. He may put to death whom he pleases, except the Pashas, the Spahis, the janizaries and other soldiers. The Sultan's sign manual indeed is necessary for the execution of the first of these, and the consent of their commanding officers for that of the military, but neither are ever an impediment to his inclination. He commands the whole empire except in such things as relate to religion, and certain offices of justice. When the Sultan remains at home, he marches with the forces of which he is Generalissimo. He corresponds with foreign Princes, their Ambassadors, &c. and answers them as he pleases. His salary is small, but the presents and contributions of the Pashas and Beys make his income immense. The Vizier Naschangi who was strangled on the 26th of October 1755, had amassed in the two months of his Ministry 100,000*l*. Between officers, attendants, and servants, he has seldom less than 2000 persons at his court. When he goes out on public days his standard-bearer carries

ries before him on a pole topped with gold three horse tails. The three grand Pashas of the empire, namely of Buda, of Babylon, and of Cairo, have likewise this privilege, but all the others are confined to one. Whenever the seals are taken from him, he is either strangled or banished. Indeed were it not for the instability of his charge, and the *bowstring*, his situation would be more desirable as his authority is in effect more extensive than his Sovereign's.

The Mufti or High Priest, is appointed by the Sultan. He is expected to be virtuous and learned in the Alcoran. His infallibility is much more generally acknowledged by the Mussulmans than that of the Pope by the Roman Catholics; for his decisions are on all questions final, and nothing of moment is undertaken, unless he be consulted on it. Should his opinion, however be adverse to that of his master, he would immediately depose him, and supply his place with another whose senti-

ments would be more accommodating to his wish.

The Capoudan Pasha is Lord High Admiral and actual commander of the fleets. The Reis-Effendi is the principal Secretary of State, and ever attendant upon the Vazier to issue out letters patent, edicts, commissions, &c. Besides these are many other great officers, such as the Fanissar-Agasi or General of the janizaries, the Beglerbeys or Governors of Provinces upon whom the Sultan bestows the three Tails, the Testerdar or Grand Treasurer, Bostangi Pasha, &c. &c.

I am inclined to believe that court intrigue and cabal were never carried on with such effect as in the secret mansions of the Seraglio. There, they constitute the principal amusement; for by furnishing the mind with employment, they operate as an effectual antidote against the tedium of an eternal confinement. The appointment
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and degradation of Ministers, the government of provinces, the command of fleets and armies, are often dependant upon the will of a capricious concubine, or a mutilated slave.—Adieu.

LETTER XXXV.

Constantinople, Aug. 18, 1788.

THE traveller, who visits Constantinople, is almost as disappointed at the internal, as delighted with the exterior appearance of it. The houses are wooden, low and mean: the streets narrow, hollow, and dirty: in every object he beholds the little progress the Turks have made in the liberal arts, and laments that its beauty should be confined to its situation. The immoderate use of coffee has induced the government to monopolize that article. A few days after my arrival I was taken to see the place in which it is prepared for use, and entered a large room where many were employed in clearing, baking, and pounding the berries. A cloud of dust arose from the mortars, the fragancy of which could not, I think, be exceeded by the perfumed gales of Arabia felix. People of the same trade
in

in this city generally reside in their respective Bazars or markets. These Bazars are covered streets with shops on each side, before which the different wares are exposed to sale. The armourers, the druggists, the furriers, and the saddlers, particularly attract the attention, from the variety, the arrangement and beauty of their goods: but these places being continually crowded, and the plague rife, I tremble as I admire. I have once been in the Bezeftàn, where they sell the clothes of those who have died of this exterminating disease. It is not, as some think, caught from the *exhalation* of pestiferous bodies, but by *contact*: therefore you may suppose I am particularly careful among the crowds of Constantinople. I am even suspicious of every body, since I have heard that a menial servant of the ambassador was on Friday last taken sick of it to the hospital. Sir Robert has escaped by miracle, for he lately visited the Capoudan-Pasha on board his ship, when many were dying upon the deck; and a few years ago an Italian

bishop retired from his table so ill of it, that he could scarcely creep away.

They have no inns in Turkey, but houses called Kans, or Caravanferais, erected by charitable persons for the accommodation of the pilgrim or traveller. These are square buildings not dissimilar to our smaller quadrangles at Oxford, with galleries, into which the apartments open. In one of them I visited a learned Greek who shewed me a very curious manuscript of *Æschylus*. He was acquainted with a physician of the Seraglio, a circumstance which induced me to ask whether the Imperial library still remained, telling him it was the opinion, or rather the *hope* of many, that the entire works of *Livy* were among the collection at the taking of Constantinople. He said that his enquiries upon that subject were never satisfied, but he had some reason to think the books *were still there*. He was so obliging as to lend me a *Procopius*, in which I have read a very fine description of the celebrated church of Santa Sophia, called

called by the Greeks *ἡ αὐγία σοφία*, it having been consecrated by the emperor Justinian the first, to the DIVINE WISDOM. When Mahomet took Constantinople he spurred his horse into it, trampling on its sacred ornaments, but this (you will observe) is a *Greek* anecdote, for which I cannot vouch. The conqueror immediately changed it into a mosch, to the sorrow and confusion of the captive citizens, who had impiously compared it to Heaven. I perceive its dimensions are much circumscribed, but never can believe, that in its meridian of splendour it was superior, or even equal to St. Peter's, except in richness of materials. I have twice been in this and the other moschs. The first time the conscientious scruples of the keeper to admit a *Jawr* yielded to *golden* rhetoric. The second, I accompanied the returning Bailo—Il Cavalier Giuliane, who obtained a firman or order for admission from the grand Signior. When by the direction of our conductor we had taken off our shoes, that our unhallowed feet should not (I suppose) defile the floor, we were

led by a narrow staircase to the corridor, or great gallery, in which we beheld a profusion of the finest marbles of Troy and Greece. From this place we looked down upon the aisle covered with mats delicately woven, on which were companies of Turks sitting about their Imams, who expounded to them the law of their prophet. On the dome and in many other parts of the edifice, are select portions of the Alcoran, and from it innumerable small lamps depend. Adjoining to every mosch are built a certain number of minarets, from one to six. These are lofty towers so very small in circumference as to appear like solid columns. Near the top they are encircled with a rail or gallery, from which a priest with shrill voice calls the people to prayer (for they have no bells in Turkey) five times in every four and twenty hours. As their religion enjoins them to purify themselves by ablution before they pray, there are for the purpose many noble fountains of clear water. I must confess I was much pleased with their *manner* of adoring the Almighty, because

cause they put on an appearance in it, the very reverse of that which they generally assume,—an appearance of extreme humility and mortification, turning towards the tomb of Mahomet at Mecca, and frequently bending with extended arms to the earth.

The most magnificent of these structures is that of Sultan Achmet, but I have enlarged so much upon the Santa Sophia, that I think you will dispense with a description of it.

Near this part of Constantinople is a square tower of great height which commands a view of the whole city : a certain number of janizary centinels are stationed on it every night to give the earliest intelligence of fires ; for as all the houses are of wooden materials, an accident of this kind, unless timely prevented, might reduce the capital to ashes. Indeed you often read in the English papers of terrible conflagrations which happen here. On the north side of Sultan Achmet's mosch is the Hippodrome,
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or, (as now called) the Atmeydàn, a place that was long in the Greek dynasty the fairest ornament of Constantinople. It is 1375 feet in length and 280 in breadth. At one extremity is an Ægyptian obelisk, at the other a column composed of several blocks of marble, and between them a serpentine pillar supposed to be the very tripod that stood over the mephitic vapour in the temple of Delphi. It represented three twisted serpents, the heads of which remained at the top of it, until Mahomet the second in a wanton display of strength broke them off with his battle axe. This pillar was originally placed on the marble column, as I find by an inscription on the base of it, which is however so stupid that I shall only transcribe the two last lines.

Ο γὰρ Κολοσσος Θαιβος ην' εν τη Ροδα,

Και Χαλκος ουλος Θαιβος ην' εν αυθαδε *.

The other most remarkable antiquities of this city are a sarcophagus supposed to be

* That wonder the Colossus was at Rhodes

But this brazen wonder is here.

the

the tomb of Constantine: the historical column, so named from the military actions of the emperor Arcadius sculptured on it in basso relievo: the pillar of porphyry vulgarly called the burnt pillar, and an aqueduct still in use.

The walls of Constantinople, instead of being (as I expected) remarkable for their strength, are in mouldering decay. A few days ago I rode along them to the extremity of the city at the seven towers, and saw the gate of San Romano near the place where the troops of Mahomet broke into the city when they carried it by assault. I wished much to enter the seven towers, but could not, as Mr. Bulgakoff the Russian envoy is now confined there. However though disappointed in this attempt, I got into the slave market, but was obliged to wear a Turkish habit and a tremendous pair of whiskers, which by wires were fixed between my upper teeth and lip; as in a Frank's dress they would not suffer me to enter. By money I persuaded a *degenerate* Turk

Turk to suppress his scruples and accompany me. There were some very pretty slaves sitting in sheds before the houses, whom I viewed so much, that the owner asked me smilingly (for he did not consider me a *Jawr*) which I would purchase. I was fearful of detection, but laughed and walked away. As we returned I was shewn a room in which are eleven coffins of a late Sultan's children, who were probably strangled. What innumerable murders has ambition instigated in the Imperial race of the Moslems!

I am not surpris'd at the great inferiority of the Turks to the Russians in naval combat since I have seen their arsenal and fleet. They are at least a century behind any nation of Europe in ship building; but as there now are two frigates for sale in the port which we took from the French in the last war, these, if purchased, may serve as models for construction; indeed they were so sensible of the little knowledge they had in this art that they employed French builders,

builders, but the only one who continued with them died of the plague in the dock-yard about a month ago.

The house of the Capoudan Pasha adjoins the arsenal. Part of it is built over the water, and has a very pleasing appearance, the architecture being chinese. I was lately rowed up a small river that runs into the port to Kaakhannan—a rural palace of the Sultan built in a valley or lawn between high hills where they often prove cannon in the presence of his highness. There are 400 German prisoners at work near it, whose treatment is infinitely better than that of their countrymen on the Dardanelles, though bad. The Turks and Franks greatly admire Kaakhannan, but with all its beauty it is in every respect surpassed by the little hamlet of Belgrade, which so enchanted lady Wortley Montague. Sir Robert Ainslie has a house there to which I lately accompanied him. We passed by the aqueducts that supply Constantinople. One of these built by the emperor Justinian is a most stupendous

stupendous structure across a deep valley. I advanced so far upon the top, that I found it more dangerous to turn back than to go on; therefore proceeded, and happily got over it. From this place we soon descended into the deep woods of Belgrade, and arrived at Sir Robert's villa. I wished to see the house in which lady W. M. had resided, but found that its wooden materials were no more. However I discovered its foundations in a small meadow below the ambassador's. It stood upon an easy eminence surrounded by hills covered with wood: before it is a deep transparent lake here and there concealed by its winding banks and impending groves; behind it is the house of Mr. Tooke an English merchant, and farther in the back ground, that which belonged to Sir Everard Fawkenor—one of Sir Robert's predecessors. We staid one night in this woodland paradise, and the next day rode through a country of rich landskip to the village of Buyakdery situate upon a strip of land under high rocks that hang over the Bosphorus. As many foreign ministers

ministers and merchants have built here, it presents a very noble front to the water. We sailed up to the entrance of the Euxine or Black Sea, and returned to dinner at the Dutch ambassador's. The next day we dined with the French ambassador M. de Choisseul Gouffier, whose house stands on the Bosphorus about two miles below Buyukdery. He shewed me the model of Achilles's tomb, &c.* As I was desirous of seeing all the canal, I returned to Constantinople by water, and never did I behold such scenery; for the winding of these Straits, the plantations and gardens upon their steep sides; the towns, villages, moschs, minorets, and chioschs; the entrance of the city, and finally the view of the Seraglio, presented a grandeur, a richness, a variety, and novelty of appearance

* In it were found a statue of Minerva in a chariot drawn by four horses, and an urn of bronze, not (as Homer says) *of gold*, in which were bones, ashes, and burnt wood of the funeral pile. I did not see these most wonderful antiques, but much suspect them to have been fabricated at Paris.

that

that I am sure cannot be excelled if equalled. The day after our return from Belgrade, &c. I crossed the water to Scutari, and on the hills above it, saw the divisions of Constantinople to the greatest advantage, because they command the port. It was on these hills that Constantine defeated Licinius A. D. 323—about five years before he founded his new seat of Empire. Soon after our late excursion the Ambassador—ever attentive to our amusement, carried us to the Prince Islands which I have already cursorily noticed. They are five in number, and so remarkable for local beauty and advantage of situation, as to be full of villages and villas. We passed the day with the Swedish Minister Mons. de Heidenstein and his lady, and the following morning returned and saw the Sultan go with a numerous retinue to be declared *gaza* or victorious. This ceremony was in consequence of some recent advantages gained in the Bannat of Temeswâr. Abdul Hamid objected (as I hear) to it, but was in a manner over-ruled by the Mufti, who
told

told him it was a custom his predecessors had never omitted to perform, because it inspired the people with confidence of success. As he returned in his splendid barge he saw us upon the water, which drew some observation from him to the Bostangi Pasha who directs the helm, and during the office is permitted to sit and to converse with him.

The Turks have made few Russian but many German prisoners this war. Of the latter I lately saw 180 march into Constantinople, and a deplorable sight it was, for the plague raged amongst them, and they seemed broken down with hunger and fatigue. The Turks hold the Germans in contempt, but dread the Russians, whom they never can resist, although Mahomet Mussum Cadhi the Vizier-Azem has done every thing that a brave and prudent General could effect to check their progress.

Hassan Capoudan-Pasha is one of the greatest men that ever commanded their
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fleets. Though 70 years of age his mental and corporeal faculties seem not the least impaired by time. In a late action when his ship was boarded, he and his second were principally active in clearing the decks of the enemy. A Calmouk seized him by the garment and drew the trigger of his pistol at his head, but it missed fire, and he was instantly cut down by the valiant old Mussulman. His second is almost as singular a character as he is; their knowledge of each other arose from the following incident. The Capoudan being informed of a sudden tumult near the Seraglio, ordered his Caique, and on his arrival at the place saw a crowd of riotous people with a desperate fellow at their head. Though unarmed he immediately rushed forward to seize him. "Stop (said the other presenting his pistol) I know thee Capoudan Pasha, and know too that my life is in danger, a step farther and thou diest." Astonished at his temerity, but not terrified by the menace, for the heart of Hassan is insensible of fear, he drew up, and viewing his

his opponent from head to foot with a countenance in the act of changing from anger to admiration. "Bold fellow (said he) yield then and trust to me." At the word the pistol dropt from the other's hand, and he threw himself at the Pasha's feet, who raised him from the ground and has ever since employed him as his lieutenant. One brave man will always love another. I am told that Hassan was formerly a slave in Spain, having been taken on board an Algerine corsair. His partiality for the English nation is remarkable. In the last war if he heard of any naval combat between us and our enemies, he never would believe we were vanquished. His high opinion extends from the nation to its representative Sir Robert Ainslie, with whom he is very intimate.

Adieu. At my return I shall have the pleasure of presenting you his picture, with those of the Sultan and Vizier.

LETTER XXXVI.

Constantinople, Oct. 31, 1788.

IN the absence of the Vizier the Grand Signior appoints a Minister as his substitute called the Caimacan. The day after I last wrote to you I had the honour of assisting at the audience of departure which he gave the Cavalier Giuliane, Bailo of Venice. We set out from his palace at nine o'clock in the morning, eight janizaries two and two led the way, followed by a dozen footmen in the rich liveries of the embassy. After them marched a company of Esclavonian soldiers in the dress of their country, who were succeeded by the dragomans or interpreters in Turkish robes. The Bailo appeared next in a chair carried by six Greeks, and finally his secretaries and the gentlemen who accompanied him completed the full procession. We walked down Pera to the port where barges were

in waiting for us. On the opposite shore the Cavalier in his crimson robes of state, mounted on horseback and proceeded in the same order to the Vizier's palace. We were received by a numerous retinue and led into a large chamber by the Imperial Dragoman—a Greek, who, for his service as interpreter, is generally created upon a vacancy Hospodar of Moldavia or Wallachia. Having waited near an hour in the first room, we were conducted into the great audience-chamber crowded with Turkish and Tartar officers. It contained no other furniture than a sofa or divan about a foot high, continued along each side of the room. When we reached the upper end, we saw a low seat placed for the Bailo; soon afterwards the Caimacan entered and was saluted by his court with a deep and hollow groan, such as I have already noticed when the Sultan went to mosch. He passed the Venetian and sat crosslegged upon the sofa. When both were seated the attendants brought muslin cloths richly embroidered with gold, silver,

and coloured silks, and having placed one before each of the Ministers, served them with sweetmeats, coffee, rose-water and burnt incense, the last of which unfortunately, the Bailo had no beard to receive. His Excellency then addressed the Caimacan in Italian, declaring the purport of his visit and the friendship of his Republic towards the sublime Porte. This speech being interpreted by the Sultan's dragoman was suitably answered by the Turk in his own language, and when translated, repeated to the Bailo. The conference being thus closed, an officer presented the Cavalier with a robe from the Caimacan, and put it on; whilst others thrust into our bosoms embroidered handkerchiefs. Thus gifted, we took leave and departed in the same order as we had come. I observed that during this visit the Turks were more than usually serious, particularly the Caimacan. He seems about 70 years of age, has a most pleasing countenance and venerable beard. His eyes were for the most part fixed upon the floor, and his hands
crossed

crossed before him. The private conversation was very short and our general reception cold, especially if compared with the audience of our Ambassador given a few days after this. It was to congratulate the Caimacan upon his recent promotion. Our procession was very similar to the Bailo's, but a *Mahometan* Minister and his suite could not have been more cordially received. As we passed through Constantinople the people much admired Sir Robert Ainslie, who was richly dressed and well mounted, though an old woman indeed declared he could not be the Ambassador *as he had no beard*.

Violent action in divine worship is not I perceive peculiar to our extravagant sectaries of England, for I was lately present at a scene that Bedlam itself could not outdo. I entered a large apartment where four dervises were seated upon carpets with their backs to a wall, on which were suspended many iron instruments of torture. Before these men, in the centre of the circle
formed

formed by the spectators, were three others in the same attitude, and behind them stood four more. Upon a signal given by the principal they began to pray aloud and to turn quickly round repeating with uncommon emphasis certain portions of the Alcoran, among which I could distinguish the names of Mahomet, Ali, Osmin, Mustapha, &c. Their dresses were close woollen jackets and long petticoats, which having weights at the end formed, as they continued turning, a wide circle. This giddy motion seemed to have no effect upon them during the first half hour though assisted by forcibly beating their feet against the floor and working their heads about with frantic violence. At length some of them began to see visions, when (though their prayers had been before *vociferated*) sudden acclamations still louder burst from them; and, in this paroxysm of real or affected enthusiasm, they threw themselves out of the circle upon the ground, and were immediately assisted by a religious attendant, who, after squeezing their joints and rubbing

bing the palms of their hands, whispered something in their ear which operated like a charm; for instantly the person thus treated sprang up with redoubled impetuosity, and was with the greatest difficulty holden by his attendant. However his fervor soon subsided and he appeared faint and languid as if just recovered from a fit. Immediately afterwards, hot irons were brought to the superior Dervis, who having charmed them by his touch to prevent the common effect of burning, or at least pretended to it, delivered them to the others by whom they were received with apparent joy, and being instantly applied to their mouths, licked and holden between their teeth until forced from them by the attendants. Thus ended this Mahometan pantomime, this comedy of fanaticism and miracle.

Whilst the true religionist is prompted by the principles of charity to pity these mistaken enthusiasts, the friend of freedom is equally induced to lament the despotism

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of their Government. Permit me to write you a recent instance of it. As I lately returned from one of my daily excursions in Constantinople, I passed the Porte or great gate of the Seraglio, and before it, beheld lying upon the ground the body of a Greek merchant who had been beheaded at day-break. I never saw a more indecent or more horrid spectacle. His head (he being a Christian) was by way of contempt placed between his legs (a Mussulman's would have been under his right arm) and his body was black with the swarms of flies that covered it. A Captain M—k—zie (who some years ago was convicted at the Old Bailey for having blown a foldier out of the mouth of a cannon at Goree) was present at the execution of this unhappy man in the second court of the Seraglio. At the dawn of day the merchant was led out and after a short time passed in prayer beheaded with a scymetar. He was so terrified at the approach of death that he could not support himself, and being hacked by the ill-directed blows of the executioner shrieked

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ed loudly till the butchery was effected. His elder brother underwent the same fate about a month before him. He had served a sister of Abdul Hamid as her agent, and in the discharge of his office had so gained the approbation of his mistress, that on her death-bed she besought the Sultan to protect him. Unhappily his industry had been productive of wealth, and wealth in Turkey is generally when discovered fatal to its possessors. The Divan knew that to impose heavy taxes would probably produce an insurrection, but that by exterminating the richest families of the Greeks and Armenians, they might seize their treasures without exciting a murmur. This was precisely the case in the present instance. The elder brother resided at Lesbos, and had ordered his barge to carry him to Smyrna, where by private letters he would have been advertised of his danger, but the wind changing suddenly to the south he unhappily directed his people to Constantinople, where he was immediately arrested and beheaded. The execution of his brother

ther was deferred to the time I have mentioned with the view of discovering his riches. The daughter and son-in-law fortunately escaped,——the former to the French Ambassador's, the latter to Sir Robert Ainslie, who received him when closely pursued at midnight, and lodged him without the knowledge of his janizaries in a private apartment of the palace, where I lately inadvertently surprised him. The execution of the *Scanavies* (the name of this family) I cannot impute to Abdul Hamid whom they report humane, but to his Ministers, who are obliged to find resources for an adverse war.

There is no people in Europe whose manners are so barbarous as those of the Turks. This is the effect of their religion, which, to preserve itself by the ignorance of its disciples, teaches them that to relinquish the customs of their ancestors is apostacy, and to adopt those of the Christians, sin. The refinement of the Greeks, whom they conquered and enslaved, was def-

despised; so that they are still as rude and illiterate as in the time of Othman. Their better qualities do not proceed from reason and a sense of moral rectitude; for although they think justice and charity necessary virtues, they confine the exercise of them to themselves, believing (as their histories will inform you) that no treaties with *Infidels* are binding. Their charity indeed to brute animals, or I should rather say the abuse of it, is productive of the greatest nuisance in Constantinople which swarms with dogs. These animals are not the property of individuals but nourished by all, and their litters are never destroyed. I remember to have seen a man at Basil in Switzerland whose only occupation was to feed the cats of the town, a considerable income being left by a *charitable* old lady for that purpose. Last week as I stood on a wharf of Tophannah a Turk came up to an Italian sailor who had a Canary bird in a cage for sale, and having considered it attentively, enquired the price. The Italian saw that he intended an act of charity, and in conse-

quence, *all' Italiana*, made a most exorbitant demand. The Mussulman was indignant and left it, but he had not proceeded far ere he stopped and reflected, turned suddenly about, gave the sailor the money and the bird its liberty. I was not altogether convinced of the utter barbarism of this people until I found they had no musick among them. That sweet science, which bears such irresistible dominion over the passions of most men, is to them unknown. They abhor Italian harmony, and have no other instruments than a pipe and great drum, the sounds of which are most discordant and noisy. Painting and statuary are forbidden by their law,* and you will suppose how little poetry, or indeed any other literary composition is cultivated among a nation in which learning is thought of so little consequence that the Capoudan-Pasha can neither read nor write. When I first beheld the Turks sitting at

* That is the representation of men, or of other animals.

their

their doors inattentive to every thing but their coffee and pipe, I considered them an indolent people; but soon found that in employment no men could be more active. They are a nation of good horsemen, but not so good as the Arabians, who teach them the art of riding. In their mock combats between two on horseback called *Jerid*, the greatest address is displayed in wheeling on full gallop, retreating, pursuing, and darting their sticks at each other. I really think that in a skirmish of cavalry they would vanquish any troops in the world. Their religion, which commands them to abstain from wine, and to wash themselves before prayers, has made them temperate and clean. The predestinarian faith it inculcates inspires them with contempt of danger, insomuch that the true Mussulman is at all times ready to rush into battle, or to carry in his arms one infected with the plague, believing that an hour is appointed, before which his existence cannot terminate. Every Turk has an idea that fate may make him Vizier, and

and indeed when you recollect that there are no hereditary honours but in the Sultan line, and that ministers are often taken from the lowest class, the probability of the event makes the supposition not unreasonable. They have little or no society but their women. Every man may have as many wives and mistresses as he can maintain. I was much surprised at the appearance of their females who seem stuffed in bags of green cloth. To conceal their faces they wear two white handkerchiefs, one tied round their heads from the chin to the eyes, and another to cover the forehead, &c. When they pass a Frank they often pinch and call him *Jawr*. Of this I was previously advertised, and cautioned not to look at them. The other day, however, having followed a poor creature in the plague to the doors of the hospital, I walked into one of the burying grounds (of which there are so many, that the environs of the city are covered with tomb stones). As I stood there enjoying the incomparable prospect, two Turkish women

women came up to look at me, and having gazed some time, took off and examined my hat. One of them was young, and by her eyes seemed beautiful. They talked to me, but I made signs that their language was unintelligible, and fearful of my situation from the jealousy of the Turks, laid my hand upon my breast, bowed, and hastily retired. You will readily believe that the minds of a nation, so unenlightened, so bigotted, and so prejudiced as the Turks, are loaded with those bad qualities that debase human nature, particularly pride, contempt of foreigners, oppression, and avarice; the last of these surprized me more than any other, because I found the people opulent, and possessed of Greek slaves to do all their menial work; but so it is, that every one of them from the highest to the lowest may be corrupted by money. I lament these evils the more, because they are the effects of religion and ignorance. Were it possible to annihilate their faith, and introduce a spirit of enquiry and the love of learning among them, they would become as great

and powerful in these enlightened times, as they were in the fifteenth century. They would new model their government, mix in the politics of Europe, send ambassadors to foreign courts, and give discipline to their fleets and armies, instead of being as they are the slaves of a despot and his ministers, ignorant of all transactions but their own, watched and betrayed by strangers, and vanquished by their enemies, to whom they in vain oppose numbers without order, and valour without prudence.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVII.

Constantinople, Nov. 5, 1788.

AS I shall leave the Imperial city of the Ottoman in a few days with the returning Bailo of Venice, I must close our correspondence from it with a short letter. In my last I intended, but forgot to mention the Bagnios, to which the Turks are so partial. People in a full habit of body, who are unable to take necessary exercise, find them beneficial as they remove by perspiration the humours contracted by rich food, &c. The other day I made use of one by way of experiment. I was conducted slowly into three rooms, in which I found the gradations of heat increase as I proceeded. The last was so warm, that for some minutes I felt it disagreeable. However I was soon reconciled to it. My guide put me on my back; and, having rubbed

me with flesh brushes and his hands, opened my chest by pressing down my shoulders, and made my joints crack in the operation. He then washed me with warm water, and at last led me from room to room more gently than before (lest the change should be too sudden) until I came to my clothes.

Among the janizaries in the service of Sir Robert Ainslie is one lately returned from the Vizier's camp named Hassan, who reminds me of his celebrated namesake the giant janizary that first mounted the breach of Constantinople in 1453, for his vast figure would terrify a host of enemies. His report of the war is favourable to his nation, but I think, these trivial advantages, for such they are, must, from the superior discipline of the Austrians, be followed by some great and signal defeat. The Turks have been, and indeed deserved to be praised for the manner in which they declared war against the Russians. They sent by Mr. Bulgakoff her Imperial majesty's minister
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at the Porte to demand the restitution of the Criméa, which had been extorted from them by the merciless despot of R——a, when too much distressed by a rebellion in Ægypt to protect it. On his return without an answer they put him in the seven towers, and commenced hostilities. They hate the Russians, and to shew it the more, frequently call a Frank, *Moscoff*. To the English they are more partial than to any other Christian nation from a tradition that Mahomet was prevented by death from converting our ancestors to his faith.

The principal society of Pera is among the diplomatic body, but as few of the ministers are married, there is a great deficiency of ladies.

I have received great attention from Mr. Dietz the Prussian envoy. He recounts many pleasant anecdotes of his late sovereign, one of which I will mention to you, as it proves how tenacious that monarch was of Silesia—part of his Austrian con-

quest, and will give you no unfavourable idea of the present prince royal.

Frederick was much pleased with the sprightly disposition of the boy, who was often with him. One day as he was writing in his cabinet and the Prince playing at battledore and shuttlecock behind him, the shuttlecock fell upon the paper and blotted it, at which the King bade him leave off, but probably in a tone less imperious than he used in the battles of Rosbach and Lissa, for the other recommenced his amusement, and the shuttlecock again fell upon the paper. The King took it up and put it in his pocket. The Prince was for some moments silent; at length moving gently to his uncle's side, he leaned upon his shoulder, played with his epaulette, and asked him tenderly for his shuttlecock. The King was inexorable and continued writing; at which the boy retreated a few paces, and strutting up again with his little arms a kimbo, stamped, and with uncommon emphasis

phasis said, “*Sire donnez moi une Reponse catégorique, voulez vous me rendre ou non mon volant?*” Frederick turned about with astonishment, eyed the little urchin in raptures, and snatching him to his bosom exclaimed, “*Ab vrai rejetton du grand Electeur on ne t’arrachera jamais LA SILE-SIE.†*”

The merchants and dragomans are very hospitable to strangers. I saw all the *Beauties* of their society at a ball given by our Ambassador. Indeed he has in his own house a most agreeable party of *male* inhabitants, composed of his Chaplain Doctor Nicholson, his three dragomans, the Pisani and Mr. Danet, and his Secretary Mr. Berthold, a gentleman blest with one of the best hearts and the best heads I know. Sir Robert has pressed me to pass the winter

* *Sire give me a direct answer, will you or will you not return me my shuttlecock?*

† *Ab true syon of the great Elector, from thee they’ll never wrest SILEZIA.*

with him, but I long so much to see you, my dear sir, that I cannot comply with his request. Then farewell from my *ne plus ultra*, though I have lately had a most enticing offer to make one of a caravan to the capital of Persia—a three months journey by land.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVIII.

Smyrna, Nov. 21, 1788.

ON the 7th ultimo I embarked with the Cavalier Giuliane on board the *Penelope*,—the ship in which his successor had arrived; and sailed with a strong and favourable wind out of the incomparable port of Constantinople. In passing under the walls of the Seraglio my insatiable curiosity prompted me to go aloft, and highly was it gratified in beholding those pleasure grounds where no man but the Sultan can walk. I was surpris'd to find them laid out as in England, and planted with *clumps* of cypress trees. The view would have been complete had I fortunately seen any of the women. The wind was so strong that it carried us by the dusk of evening to the entrance of the Dardanelles, which we intended to pass under favour of the night, but in the attempt received a
shot

shot from the first castle, which frightened the Venetians and obliged us to lay too still the morning, as the Governor or Pasha expects a present from every ship that sails up or down the Straits. The next day we proceeded, and our voyage was so rapid that I had scarce time to cast a look upon the scite of Ilium, and the solitary banks of Xanthus. Having entered the Archipelago, we saw distinctly the Isle of Lemnos, famed for the fall of Vulcan and the sufferings of Philoctetes: soon passed Tenedos, and continued our swift course until we came between Lesbos and Chios, when the wind fell, and a calm of two days succeeded. On the third, a light breeze carried us into this busy harbour.

SMYRNA, the most commercial city of the Ottoman Empire, is pleasantly situate at the extremity of its capacious bay, under and upon the sides of a steep hill, on the summit of which are the ruins of an ancient castle. It is divided in two parts: the upper inhabited by Turks, and the lower

lower by Franks, Greeks, and Jews. The streets are crooked and narrow: an evil to which I must principally attribute the ravage of an almost eternal pestilence. But the houses and magazines of the merchants, especially those built upon the Port, are handsome, commodious, and richly furnished. These gentlemen are numerous, and from the various articles of a lucrative commerce and moderate taxation, wealthy. Their exports consist of metals, silks, Turkey leather, Persian carpets, gums, frankincense, coffee, opium, aloes, cotton, &c. &c. the last of which is the principal, being the growth of the Greek islands and environs of Smyrna. They stow an incredible quantity of it in a ship's hold, and their manner of doing it, is not undeserving of attention. The French merchants exceed in number, and carry on a greater trade than the English, because of late years they have been able to undersell us in cloths; but I am told that the use of British shalloons is become so general, that our commerce

merce is from that article alone, likely to regain the ascendancy.

Ancient Smyrna stood on the southern side of the modern city. It is memorable (as you well know) for many great events and many illustrious men; but for none more deserving of remembrance than the immortal Homer. I have often wandered on the banks of his native stream the little winding Meles, whence he was called Melesegenes. One morning, on my return from it, I saw among the ruins of the castle two camelions—animals with which this country abounds.

The society of this city is admirable. I reside with our consul Mr. Hayes, of whom, and indeed of all his family, it is impossible to speak too favourably. Hospitality is the characteristic virtue of the Smyrna merchants, for our time has been entirely occupied in dinners, suppers, routs and balls. I breakfast every morning on board the *Ambuscade*, an English frigate commanded by

by Captain O'Hara, who to his innumerable recommendations adds that of being *an old Westminster*.*

The plague last summer raged more at Smyrna than in any other part of Turkey. Miss Hayes told me, that the first alarm of it, was from the doors in the street being shut violently one after another; than which, she never heard a sound more dreadful. For six weeks few of the inhabitants could leave their houses, so great was the havock. They received their pro-

* I should suppose that all who are not destitute of sensibility would feel some degree of partiality for the companions of their early days. With many of them I live in the habit of intimacy; and, often does our conversation turn upon the little schemes and stratagems, the alternate showers and sunshine of our careless boyhood. Some of us there are who from long separation no longer recollect each other, yet still wish to renew acquaintance. Whilst (I am sorry to add) there is another *blank* description—a swarm of reptiles, who without wit, wisdom, honour, or honesty, conceive themselves a superior order of beings.—From such a combination of pride, vanity, and dulness, good Lord deliver us.

visions

visions from people called by the Italians *Spenditori*, who in these times of general dismay market for them. The meats are put into baskets let down by cords from the windows, and on being drawn up, immediately thrown into water to prevent infection. On the first appearance of this exterminating disease, the distress of the inhabitants was inconceivable, from the apprehension that their own families might have taken it. It is now in the harbour, and unfortunately for me so prevalent between this place and Ephesus, as to obstruct my intended journey to the ruins of Diana's temple.

Athens, Dec. 4, 1788.

WE left Smyrna the 22d ult. and had scarce entered the Archipelago before we perceived an approaching storm. As the gale blew directly from behind us, to return was in vain. We therefore made for the isle of Psyra, but were soon overtaken by
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the night and tempest. From the violence of the wind, the little sea room, and the ignorance and terror of our Venetian sailors, I continually expected shipwreck and death : but providentially, after a night of alarm and horror, we ran into a silent nook of Chios, not however without great danger in the entrance. Our vessel required some repair, which detained us a few days. In that time I had an opportunity of seeing many parts of the country, and admiring the beauty of the women, for which Chios is remarkable among the Greek islands. On the 27th we sailed to Ceos, and again beheld the remains of the Sunian temple. The next day a light breeze carried us up the Sinus Saronicus, or gulf of Engia.

To describe to you the glow of enthusiasm and pleasure I felt in beholding the surrounding country, which reminded me of the actions achieved there in the heroic days of Greece, is impossible. On one side was Argolis—the ancient kingdom of Agamemnon : on the other the shores of Attica, where

where in fancy I beheld the Athenian people following and bidding adieu by many signals, to that famed armament which Nicias and Alcibiades carried to the reduction of Sicily. What an interesting picture has Thucydides given of this scene! Before us were Ægina and Salamis; and, at the extremity of the gulf, the high mountains of the Corinthian isthmus. As we sailed slowly I had an entire day to contemplate these objects of admiration, and at night came to anchor off the harbour of Piræus.

Much is it changed from what it was, and yet the description of Pausanias may still be traced in the outline, though no remains exist of Themistocles its maker's monument, of the temples of Jupiter, Minerva, or Venus; or of its superb porticoes. Before this was formed, the chief port of Athens was Phalerum (so called from a soldier who embarked with Jason in his Colchian expedition) for from it Theseus sailed to Crete, and Menestheus to Troy. It is near Piræus, but now unfrequented, being

being so shallow, that a large barge could not float in it. I thought it in vain to search for the remains of those altars which, from their being dedicated to unknown gods, drew the attention of St. Paul*.

The Piræus consisted of three ports one beyond another, called Kantharus, Aphrodisium, and Zea. At the entrance was a Faro or light house, its ruins being still extant in the water, particularly the pier in the centre, by which the harbour was shut and defended. Munychia was another port between the two I have mentioned, but is now like Phalerum, deserted. Our ship lay at anchor in the place where the battle of Salamis was fought; and, with inexpressible satisfaction, I reconnoitred every part of it mentioned by the Greek historians. When I had examined the Straits between the continent and Salamis, I landed on the little island of Psyttaleia, on which, after the

* For as I passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar dedicated to the unknown God.

Acts, chap. 17th, verse 23d.

fight, Aristides, under the very eye of Xerxes and the Persian armies that thronged the opposite shores, put to death those of their countrymen whom they had placed in it to assist their fleet, or to annoy that of Greece. In Salamis I found the stone upon which Telamon sat when he beheld the departure of his son (or as Pausanias says) of his sons to the rendezvous at Aulis*, but I am sorry to add that no future traveller will see it, as the Ex-bailo has taken it with him to Venice. Perhaps you may smile when I tell you, that on landing at the Piræus *I kissed the ground*, and yet you will make much allowance for enthusiasm, when you reflect on the people which this ground has produced†. Having hired a couple of asses I rode towards the city—between four and five miles distant, not unmindful as I passed of the *μακρὰ Τείχη*, or long walls which joined it to the port. That, on the southern side, was built by Themistocles of large square stones fastened toge-

* See his Attica, page 33. lin. 44.

† *αντροχθονες*

ther with lead and iron cramps: the northern wall Pericles erected, and I had the satisfaction to trace its foundations in many places, but at length was diverted from my search by the sudden appearance of Athens. I stopped and gazed, but was too full to speak, yet thankful to the Supreme Being that he had permitted me to visit the place, which of all others I most desired, but least expected, to behold. When my wonder had a little subsided I continued onward, and having entered the city soon arrived at the house of Mr. Macrì the English consul, which I discovered by the union flag that was then flying over it.—*The union flag at Athens!*

The Bailo thought that two days were sufficient to contemplate its antiquities, and wished me much to depart with him, but no inducement whatever could have taken me from that city which had been the most honourable of Greece and of the world, before every object in it deserving of attention had become so familiar to my eye, as

to afford me many happy hours of reflection when returned to you and to my country*.

Though numerous the injuries of time, of nature, of war, and of accidents, which Athens has suffered, its antiquities are still extant as monuments of its superior grandeur and beauty over all the cities that ever existed. High upon a rock, to which there is no access but by the western end, are the ruins of the Acropolis. Cecrops chose it as a place of retreat and defence for those inhabitants of Attica whom he had collected from the surrounding villages, &c. I cannot possibly imagine any thing of the kind more magnificent than its Propylæa or vestibule. It was built by Pericles†, who coated the front and steps with white polished marble. Its five gates still remain, but the largest or central is the only one not filled up. Between them are Doric pilasters, which contribute much to the

* How amply has this idea been accomplished !

† The architect was Mnesicles.

See Platarch's Pericles.
beauty

beauty of their appearance. Indeed, to behold this edifice without the liveliest sensations of admiration and pleasure, even as it now is, seems to me impossible, conceive then what it must have been when embellished by the sculpture of Phidias, and unimpaired. The first object that meets the eye on passing it is the temple of Minerva, called Παρθενον, in honour of her virginity, and from its dimension of a hundred feet in width ἑκατόμπεδον. It was held in the highest veneration by the Athenians as the supposed habitation of their tutelary deity, whose statue it contained. In this celebrated image which was made of gold and ivory, 36 cubits in height, Phidias displayed all his art. When the Persians took possession of this city, they burnt the Parthenon with the other temples, and I might say *fortunately*, as it happened at a period but little antecedent to the time when the polite arts had attained to perfection; when Pericles* with the aid of Phidias, Callicrates and Ictinus

* See Plutarch's Life of Pericles.

rebuilt it. The emperor Hadrian, whose attachment to Athens was continually displayed by his munificence, repaired it so effectually, that it continued almost entire from his reign to 1687, when unfortunately a bomb, fired from the camp of Morosini the Venetian general who besieged Athens, fell upon and destroyed the roof. Its decay since that accident has been rapid, and its richest ornaments pillaged. It was raised on a base of six steps: its peristyle had forty-six columns—eight channelled in each front, and fifteen plain at the sides. They are forty-one feet and a half in height, and six in diameter. Its mutilated entablature represents battles between the Athenians and Centaurs, with religious ceremonies, processions, &c. On the posticus was sculptured the birth of Minerva. It is lamentable to behold the ravages that travellers have made upon the inimitable reliefs of this and the other temples. With difficulty I discover what they represent, as not a figure is entire. The noblest sculpture of Athens that has escaped the injuries
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of time, &c. is now scattered over Europe, and lodged in the cabinets of nations, whose barbarous ancestors were not known even by name to the polished inhabitants of Greece.

The Parthenon was the principal temple of the Acropolis, and generally the most admired ; but I think with little reason, as that of Neptune named Erechtheus, is of far more elegant, if of less noble architecture. It is like the Apollo of the Belvedere, *the unrivalled masterpiece of its kind*. When I had seen the Corinthian temple at Nismes called La maison quarrée, I despaired of ever again beholding a building that would afford me such comfort in the contemplation of it. In Italy * and Sicily I found nothing comparable with it, but on turning from the Parthenon how great was my astonishment and delight to behold a model of Ionic structure, than which nothing could

* I must not however forget the little temple of the Sibyl at Tivoli.

be more simple, and yet more sublime ! It is impossible to mistake it from the description of Pausanias who calls it διπλουν Οίχημα—a double building, the two parts of it being joined together at right angles. The one is dedicated to Neptune or Erechtheus, and the other to Minerva Polias—Protectress of the citadel. By their junction the Athenians symbolized the reconciliation of these deities after their contest for naming Athens. In the former was the salt-spring produced by a blow of Neptune's trident : in the latter the olive tree—Minerva's more profitable gift, and her image said to have fallen from heaven, which was guarded by a serpent of uncommon size called οικουρος Οφίς,* the superstitious Pausanias knew not whether to receive or reject this miraculous story. Adjoining to the Polias is a small temple erected in honour of Pandrosos—the faithful daughter of Cecrops. To her and her two sisters Herse and Aglauros, Minerva entrusted a chest which contained

* The guardian dragon, or serpent.

the infant Erechtheus guarded by a serpent; with strict and solemn injunction not to examine its contents. The curiosity of the two elder prevailed over every other consideration, and induced them to open it, when they were immediately rendered frantic and threw themselves over a precipice. Pandrosos was true to her charge and therefore worshipped jointly with Minerva: so that when a heifer was sacrificed to the goddess, it was accompanied with a sheep to her. The order of architecture in this temple is (I believe) no where to be found but here; its entablature being supported by five female figures (originally six) called Cariatides instead of columns. As this building was constructed about fifty years after the sack of Athens by the Persians, it is conjectured, and with all probability, that the order was designed as a satire upon Artemisia queen of Halicarnassus in Caria; who, though in origin a Greek, assisted the Persian with a fleet against her mother-country.

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The Cariatides are admirably finished, and their robes extremely graceful, as is also their head dress. These figures have been spelled *Caryatides* from a supposition that they were intended to represent women of *Carya* in *Peloponnesus*, a city in league with the Persians; but this is a weak conjecture, as their Asiatic dress alone will prove the contrary. The Pandrosium contained Minerva's olive tree called *παρυκτος* from its branches bending downwards when they had grown up to the roof. These are the only remains of the Acropolis, the foundations of the walls excepted. I visit the divine Erechtheum every day, and am only fearful that the barbarian Mussulmans who garrison the citadel will suspect me of some design against it; and, by exclusion, debar me of the most exquisite pleasure I can receive at Athens.

LETTER

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LETTER XXXIX.

Athens, Dec. 15, 1788.

AFTER heavy rain there are many people in this place who search for antiques, of which I have made a small collection, and some of them I greatly value for the beauty and accuracy of the engravings. A French gentleman at Athens was half an hour before me in purchasing a large Camèò, on which is the apotheosis of Minerva sculptured to perfection; but the day after, I bought a ring that from its high antiquity is inestimable. To proceed in the description of Athens, I shall recommence with the temple of Theseus—the most entire in the world. It was built a few years after the battle of Salamis by Cymon the son of Miltiades, who, having taken the isle of Scyros, brought from it the hero's bones. A finer specimen of Doric architecture never (I think) existed, and it
appears

appears to the greatest advantage from the eminence on which it stands, being erected on a base of five steps, and detached from all other buildings. The peristyle consists of thirteen columns on each side, and six in each front, including those of the angles. The bassi relievi of the entablature,—not less beautiful than those of the Parthenon, represent the heroic actions of Theseus, and combats between the Athenians and Lapithes. The inside of this celebrated temple is converted into a church dedicated to St. George, who is the tutelar saint of Athens as well as of England. Between it and the Acropolis is the Areopagos, or hill of Mars,—a court of justice long eminent above all other tribunals of Greece for the high character of its members, and the integrity of their decisions.* It was named *Ἀρεϊοναργος* from Mars being the first criminal arraigned in it. Orestes was tried there for

* Aristides observes that it was τῶν ἐν τοῖς Ἑλλήσι δικαστηρίων τιμιωτάτου καὶ ἀγιωτάτου.—The most honourable and most sacred of the Grecian tribunals,

parricide,

parricide, Socrates for theism, and St. Paul for preaching Jesus Christ and the resurrection. Two customs were particularly remarkable in this solemn court. It sat in the open air, and in the dark. The intention of the first, was to heighten the popular idea of purity in the persons and character of the judges, by supposing that they would be contaminated under the same roof as the homicide ; and of the second, to remove all suspicion of partiality which might arise from their seeing and knowing the accuser and the accused. At first the members of it sat in the day-time, but when the courtesan Phryne was on the point of being condemned by them for personating Minerva, she so perverted their judgment by an artful display of her bosom, that they unanimously acquitted her. But the cognifance of this tribunal was not limited to criminal jurisdiction, for Pausanias observes that a short time antecedent to the war between the Spartans and Messenians, the latter wished to refer the dispute to the Areopagites—an unquestionable proof of the

the high opinion entertained of them by the states of Greece. Near this rock, and immediately below the Propylæa, is the theatre of Bacchus. We find that the first dramatic exhibitions at Athens were represented from waggons and upon scaffolds.

*Dicitur et plaustris vexisse poemata Theſpis.**

During the representation of one of Pratinas's satyric compositions, about 498 years before the Christian æra, the wooden fabrick gave way, and so many were killed or maimed, that the Athenians, to prevent future accidents of the kind, built a theatre of stone, and named it after Bacchus, the god of festivity, &c. The first (I believe) was burnt by the Persians, and this erected near the same time as the Parthenon. The materials are marble, the form semioval, and the diameter of the scene 260 feet. Its interior parts, if I except the *κοίλον* or seats of the audience, are now no more. The

* Theſpis from waggons did recite his plays.

principal

principal remains are the front, in which three arcades rise one above another. The lowest indeed is almost buried in the ground; for the soil of Athens, like the soil of Rome, is from 12 to 18 feet higher than it originally was. When I visit this renowned theatre, I remember that the noblest dramas (those of our own incomparable Shakespear excepted) were represented in it before the most refined people of the world, before a people more than any other attached to them, and whose character may in some measure be thence deduced. When I reflect that these scenic compositions animated their patriotism, formed their language, refined their manners, and ultimately occasioned their degeneracy and fall, I feel myself particularly affected in beholding the Ruins which introduce these reflections. Had the Athenians given less attention to their theatre, and more to morality and discipline, they had supported the independence of Greece much longer than the fatal battle of Chæronæa. A little beyond this theatre is the monument of Thrasycles, erected in honour

honour of his victory in the athletic games. It is a grotto in the rock of the Acropolis, the front of which is ornamented with three Corinthian pilasters that support the entablature, over which is the headless statue of a woman, seated. There are three inscriptions upon this monument; I shall transcribe one of them for you, being explanatory of what it is.

Ο ΛΗΜΟΣ ΕΧΟΡΗΓΕΙ ΠΥΘΑΡΑΤΟΣ ΗΡΧΕΝ.
 ΑΓΓΝΟΘΕΤΗΣ ΘΡΑΣΥΚΛΗΣ ΘΡΑΣΥΛΛΟΥ ΔΕΚΕΛΕΥΣ
 ΙΠΠΟΘΟΩΝΤΟΣ ΠΑΙΔΩΝ ΕΝΙΚΑ.
 ΘΕΩΝ ΘΗΒΑΙΟΣ ΗΤΑΕΝ.
 ΠΡΟΝΟΜΟΣ ΘΗΒΑΙΟΣ ΕΔΙΔΑΣΚΕΝ*.

On the rock above it are two marble columns. There were originally three in a triangle which supported a tripod †; for

* The people defrayed the expence. Pytharatus was Archon. Thrasycles the son of Thrasyllus of Decelia, and of the tribe of Hypothoon, who presided over them, won the prize. Theon the Theban was the musician, and the Theban Pronomos the instructor.

† In the athletic games of the Grecian people, tripods were among other gifts their prizes of contention; as we read in Homer, Hesiod, Pindar, &c.

below

below them was the *street of tripods*, in which stood the satyr of Praxiteles, called for its superior excellence *πρῶτος*. I find a remarkable anecdote of this famous piece of sculpture in Pausanias, which may please you. Phryne, the mistress of Praxiteles, having obtained from him a promise of whichever of his statues she should prefer, besought him also to point out to her the most beautiful; but this request he always eluded, being unwilling to pronounce on the merit of his own works. Perceiving it impossible to prevail upon him by entreaty, even when he doted upon her beauty, and was most susceptible of its influence, she one day ordered his servant to tell him that his workshop was on fire, and all his statues in danger of being consumed. Alarmed at the report, he instantly sprang forward, crying out that his fame was irrecoverably lost, if the flames had reached his Satyr and his Cupid.* “Stop Praxiteles

* Εἰ δὲ καὶ τὸν Σατύρον ἢ φλόξ καὶ τὸν Ἑρωῶς ἐπέλαβεν.

Pausanias Att. p. 18. lin. 1.

I have not *literally* translated this anecdote.

“ (said the artful Phryne) the report was
“ only my device to discover your opinion.
“ Your sculpture is secure, *and I now chuse*
“ *the Cupid.*”

Hitherto I have proceeded in description of Athens with a certainty that the places I have mentioned are identical, but am now arrived at a part of the city, upon the Ruins of which, from the conciseness and different readings of Greek history, it is difficult to determine. The Odéum, or theatre of musick, which (as Plutarch observes) was built in imitation of the Persian king's pavilion, I should rather suppose, from what I have generally collected, stood at a small distance from the monument of Thrasycles. “ Near it (says Pausanias) “ was Enneacrunos, the only fountain of “ Athens.” I have seen what I believe to be the ground-work of this edifice, but the nine conduits of the fountain are choaked by the ruins. Of *their* situations, however, I would willingly remain ignorant, could I but with certainty pronounce on an adjacent

adjacent edifice, which either was the Pantheon of Hadrian, or the temple of Olympian Jupiter, two of the most magnificent buildings in Athens. The former was supported by 120 columns of Phrygian marble, the pannels of its porticos were of the same stone, the roof was inlaid with gold and alabaster, and every part embellished with the choicest sculpture and paintings of Greece. It contained a library and a gymnasium encompassed by a hundred pillars brought from the marble quarries of Lybia, and named after its imperial founder, *Hadrian*; but still more gorgeous was the temple of Olympian Jupiter, for Livy in writing (as is generally supposed of Antiochus the son of Antiochus the great,) says, *Magnificentia vèro in deos vel Jovis Olympii templum Athenis, unum in terris inchoatum pro magnitudine dei, potest testis esse.** The dimensions of which, including

* But of his magnificence to the gods, the temple of Olympian Jupiter at Athens, the only one begun upon earth correspondent to the greatness of the deity, can testify.

See Drakenborch's Edition, Book 41st. Chap. 25.

the consecrated ground, were four stadia or half a mile. The different cities of Greece filled it with marble statues in honour of Hadrian who had repaired it, but their sculpture was much inferior to that of the Athenian artists; besides there were others, the materials of which were gold and ivory. Its foundation has been fabulously attributed to Deucalion, and the credulity of the superstitious placed in it the chasm into which the deluge flowed when it subsided. How often has common sense been sacrificed to the arbitrary dogma of false religion! Its true founder was Pisistratus, but the honour of completing it, was reserved for the munificent Hadrian. He added what had been taken from it by Sylla, who (as Pliny relates) carried away many of its pillars to adorn his palace in the Capitol. As I am persuaded that Pausanias was *regular* in his description of Athens,* and that the genuine text of Thucydides

* See his Book, Pages 15th, 16, &c.

is *προς Νότον* † (towards the south) and not, as Valla reads, *προς ἀρκτον*—(towards the north) I am convinced (as I have before intimated) that this was either the temple of Olympian Jupiter or the Pantheon. These edifices stood near each other, but the remains of one have entirely disappeared. From the prior construction of the first I should rather suppose the ruins in question those of the Pantheon; yet it must be remembered, that although Hadrian built the latter, he completely repaired and finished the former. It is therefore impossible for me to decide upon a subject so difficult of investigation. Indeed I cannot hazard an opinion upon it, as I think it would baffle the researches of the most ingenious and learned antiquarian.* There are still erect

* See Book the second, Chap. 15th.

† Since my return to England, I find that the celebrated Mr. Stuart says the marble of this building is not Phrygian but Pentelic. If I did not from *experience* believe otherwise, such evidence would convince me that it was the temple of Olympian Jupiter.

of it sixteen channelled columns, fifty feet in height, to remind us of Athenian elegance and grandeur. It stood near that quarter of the city which Hadrian built, as I perceive by the inscriptions of a gate erected between the divisions, on one side is written

ΑΙΔΕΙΣ-ΑΘΗΝΑΙ-ΘΗΣΕΩΣ-Η-ΠΟΛΙΣ.*

On the other

ΑΙΔΕΙΣ-ΑΔΡΙΑΝΟΥ-Κ-ΟΥΧΙ-ΘΗΣΕΩΣ-ΠΟΛΙΣ.†

South of the Acropolis is Mount Musæus, so called from the son of Antiphemus the elder poet of this name who was buried there. Upon the top are the ruins of a monument erected in honour of Philopappus, who, though born in Syria, and related to the royal family of Antiochus, deduced his origin from the little town of Befa in

* You see Athens formerly the city of Theseus.

† You see the city of Hadrian and not of Theseus.

Attica. His military talents and fidelity procured him the command of a Roman army, with which he triumphed over the Germans and Dacians. The front of this elegant monument is concave, between the top and bottom it is divided; the upper part had three niches with figures, (of which two only remain) containing the headless and otherwise mutilated statues of Philopappus and Antiochus, seated; under the former of which is written *Φίλοπάππῳ* *Επίφανους Βησαίου*,* and under the latter *Βασίλειῳ* *Αντίοχου Βασιλέως Αντίοχου*.† In the lower division, the general is represented in a triumphant car, drawn by four horses abreast, and attended by a numerous retinue. This basso relievo was a masterpiece of sculpture when entire, but is now broken and defaced. The monument was erected in the reign of Trajan. Below it, I traced the semi-oval form and ground-work of a building which some have injudiciously supposed to

* Philopappus the son of Epiphanes of Bessa.

† The King Antiochus son of the King Antiochus.

have been the Odèum. I rather think it was the Pnyx, or public hall, in which certain magistrates were sworn into office, as at the upper end, there still remains an altar hewn out of the rock, on which they took the oaths ; but this is little more than conjecture.

Ilissus ran at the bottom of Mount Hymettus, and under the walls of Athens. "It is reported (says Pausanias*) that "Orithyia the daughter of Erechtheus was "carried off by Boreas when playing on "the banks of this rivulet." It was sacred to the gods and to the muses. In honour of the latter the Athenians raised an altar, called *Μεσσην ἑωμος Εὐλίσσιαδων*,* near the spot on which Codrus their patriot king was slain by the Peloponnesians who besieged Athens. The oracle promised them success against the city provided they did not kill the king. Codrus, having heard this, went among them disguised as a peasant, and

* Attica, page 17th, line 27th.

was slain in a quarrel excited by him, for his own destruction. His subjects on hearing it, sent a herald to demand the body of their monarch, at which the enemy immediately raised the siege as a fruitless attempt, and departed.

There are still near the Ilissus the remains of Diana Agrotera's temple, but the most remarkable object is the stadium of Lycurgus, or as more generally called, the stadium of Herodes Atticus. It was likened to a mountain of white marble, a quarry of Pentelicus being exhausted in raising the stupendous mole. Its form is oblong, the length 647 feet, which is less than a Roman stadium, and breadth 134. The end over the Ilissus is open, the other closed semicircularly. It was built for the combats of wild beasts and gladiators, for chariot races and the celebration of athletic games. The body of Herodes Atticus was by a decree of the people removed from the first place of its interment and buried here. This extraordinary man, whose liberality
equalled

equalled his opulence, though of illustrious family was originally in low circumstances. In repairing his humble habitation he discovered a cellar stored with immense treasure, of which, he immediately informed the Emperor Trajan as the proprietor of Athens. The monarch charmed with his honesty bade him *use* it. "I cannot (replied Atticus) it is too much for me," "*Abuse* it then (said the other) for it is your own," but this he was incapable of doing. It was applied in relieving the distresses of the indigent, in encouraging literature, and embellishing his native Athens.

I have traced the channel of the Ilissus above three miles, thinking its stream had been diverted into another course; but vain was the pursuit. I therefore conclude it perpetually dry, as even in this rainy season it has not a pool of water. The *Μεσαι Ειλισσιαιδες* * have so often wept over the

* Muses of Ilissus.

ruins of Athens that their tears are now exhausted. The honey of Hymettus is still delicious, and yet of inferior flavour to that of Hybla in Sicily. I have twice been upon the summit of this thyme-covered mountain, which commands the most interesting prospect on earth.

Adieu,

LETTER

LETTER XL.

Athens, Dec. 24, 1788.

IT is impossible to be lavish of commendation upon the ingenuity displayed by Andronicus Cyrrhestes in his tower of the winds, which is almost entire, but considerably buried in the ground. The form is octagonal: and, on its eight sides are statues in alto relievo that represent the eight principal winds, opposite to their respective quarters. These are rendered descriptive of the seasons in which they blow by age, sex or symbol, and over them are their different names. ΝΟΤΟΣ. ΛΙΨ. ΖΕΦΥΡΟΣ. ΣΚΙΡΟΝ, ΒΟΡΕΑΣ. ΚΑΙΚΙΑΣ. ΑΠΗΛΙΩΤΗΣ and ΕΥΡΟΣ*.

The tower is encircled near the middle by a cornish, below which, on every side, was a quadrant, the lines being still visible. The top or tile is composed of four and twenty stones, and round the eaves, are as

* The South wind: the So. West: the West: Nor, West. North: Nor. East: the East: the So. East.

many

many lions heads to carry off the rain. These exact numbers shew that Andronicus had divided the wind in twenty four parts. Upon the top of the building was a brazen triton, holding in its hand a wand, which, as the figure turned, pointed to the wind that blew. Upon the pavement I saw the remains of a clepsydra or water dial. Indeed every part of this singular tower is a subject of contemplation and study. Like most of the other ancient edifices of Athens, it was built of white marble, now of a dusky yellow. Its stones are square and remarkably large.

I have in this cursory description left behind me an elegant little building to which I shall immediately return, namely, the choragic monument of Lyficles, or as commonly denominated, the lantern of Demosthenes. Its form is circular; the entablature, on which is represented in beautiful basso relievo the story of Bacchus and the Tyrrhenian pirates, is sustained by six fluted columns nine feet seven inches
in

in height, the capitals of which are of the richest Corinthian order. Between each is a marble pannel. The tholus or cupola, crowned by an ornament similar to a plume of feathers, is one piece, on which vine and laurel leaves are sculptured with exquisite delicacy. The inside is only five feet ten inches in diameter. Much do I lament that a Franciscan convent (in the wall of which it stands) prevents me from beholding to advantage this inimitable little monument of Greek architecture. It is of high antiquity being built in the archonship of Evanetus, that is, in the second year of the 111th Olympiad or 335 years before the Christian æra. On it I with difficulty made out the following inscription.

ΛΥΣΙΚΡΑΤΗΣ . ΛΥΣΙΘΕΪΔΟΥ . ΚΙΚΙΝΕΥΣ . ΕΧΟΡΗΓΕΙ.
 ΑΚΑΜΑΝΤΟΣ . ΠΑΙΔΩΝ . ΕΝΙΚΑ . ΘΕΩΝ . ΗΥΑΕΙ.
 ΛΥΣΙΑΔΗΣ . ΑΘΗΝΑΙΟΣ . ΕΔΙΔΑΣΚΕΝ.
 ΕΥΑΙΝΕΤΟΣ . ΗΡΧΕΝ*.

* Lysicrates of Kykyna the son of Lysithidus gave the chorus. The victor was of the tribe of Achamas. Theon, the musician, Lysiares of Athens, the teacher, and Evanetus, the archon.

I observe

I observe that Theon was musician both of these and of the games in which Thra-sycles was victor.

Over one of the principal streets, is the Doric portico of a temple dedicated to Augustus. Upon the entablature I find a Greek inscription, and another above it on the acroterion, indicating, that from the munificence of Julius and Augustus Cæsar, this temple was erected in honour of Minerva Archegetis, or the chief conductress.

And now I shall conclude this description of Athenian Ruins with what is generally but erroneously called the temple of Olympian Jupiter. As soon as I saw it, I was convinced it could have been no other edifice than a portico; for it has the appearance of nothing else. Probably, it was that of Eumenes, called Ἡ σὺν ποικίλῃ from the various fresco paintings of the walls in which Zeno taught a virtuous and severe system of philosophy, hence called *Stoic*; a philosophy that by rendering the body obedient

dient to the mind, or the passions to the reason, formed the greatest characters of the heathen World. Its order of architecture is Corinthian, as appears by the few noble columns which remain—convincing but melancholy memorials of its departed grandeur.

Having now surveyed the antiquities *within* the walls of Athens, let me lead you in imagination to its plain and grove of Academus, where there seems from the remotest ages to have been an uninterrupted succession of olive trees—the supposed boon of the Athenian goddess. In the time of Pausanias the Academia was near the city. It is now above a mile distant. I discovered it by a few broken altars lately dug up, and by the monuments of Trasylulus, Pericles, Chabrias, Phormio, &c. which lead to it from Athens. At the entrance of this sacred spot, in which the eloquent Plato taught a most grateful system of philosophy, between the extreme severity of Zeno, and the indulgence of Epicurus, were statues in honour

nour of Diana, called *the best and most beautiful goddess*, and a little temple sacred to Elutheræan Bacchus. Besides these, were the altars of Prometheus, of the muses, of Mercury, of Minerva, and of Hercules. "Not far from it (says Pausanias) is the tomb of Plato." Perhaps I have discovered it. I one day thought so, and kissed the mouldering ruin with more enthusiasm than ever pilgrim did holy relick. I daily wander on foot or on horseback through these groves, which like the principles of their own Plato, seem immortal, and think *what might have happened* in places now deserted and silent. Frequently do I loiter along the channel of the Cephissus, and reflect on the greatest men of Athens and antiquity, who have so often walked upon its banks. I feel myself in these reveries inexpressibly happy, and proud of my situation; but if I proceed in this rhapsody, I shall tire even *you* with excess of egotism.

Being lately accompanied by our consul and his janizary Mahomet Basfa *, I made an excursion to the plain of Marathon, about four and twenty miles from Athens. On the journey we turned a little out of the road to see a marble trunk and head of a Colossæan lion, I having promised to write an account of it to Sir Robert Ainslie, as on his return he may probably take it with him to England. From this place we soon reached the romantic sides of Mount Pentelicus, whence Athens was supplied with marble, and about two in the evening gained the brow of a hill, from which I gazed over the celebrated field of battle where Miltiades with 10,000 Athenians and Plataeans, defeated 110,000 Persians. As we descended slowly, I had time and advantage to examine the whole scene. The plain is formed like a crescent, being washed on one side by the sea, and on the other

* The words Pashá and Basfá seem but little known in England. The first is a governor or general, the second signifies mister or master. In addressing a janizary he should be called Basfá.

shut in by high mountains, between which are three entrances. I suppose it to be 12 miles in compass, and generally taken, about a mile in breadth. Near the middle of it is a large barrow which I believe to be the tomb of Miltiades. It has lately been perforated, and found a solid mass.

There is no account in history by which of the defiles Miltiades entered the plain, but his advantage against the superior number of the enemy is manifest from its narrow dimension. The ruins of the trophy are still extant on the northern side of the barrow *, and many tomb stones erect upon the plain. The Athenians who fell in the fight were buried together upon the sea side. The spot is surrounded by pools of water, which from the description of a French artist at Athens led me to it. This gentleman had dug there and found three bricks, upon each of which is stamped the

* A monument of white marble was built.

See the Attica of Pausanias, page 31, line 29th.

word *Αθήναιον*. I also, having procured a labourer, searched above an hour and raised several, but none inscribed. When I had rode and walked over this interesting ground till night, we went to the little village of Marathon at the northern end of it, where to my great surprise, the inhabitants told the consul, that they often hear those noises, as of arms and the neighing of horses which Pausanias mentions,—some natural though unknown cause must exist. The next day we returned, not being able to pursue our intended journey to Thebes, for the plague.

Having now seen and reseen every thing that Athens and Attica contain deserving of inspection, having pried into unfrequented places; in short, having made every spot of it familiar to me, I lately ascended Mount Anacsimus on the north-eastern side of the city, and there, before the door of a small chapel, lay down to contemplate the prospect. I looked over Athens with a mixed sensation of affection and sorrow: of affection,

tion, because it had been the first of cities, the nurse of literature and refinement, having in almost every art and science produced the greatest masters the world ever knew: and of sorrow, because it was now sunk in barbarism and misery. Is it not surprising that this same Athens, which sacrificed every thing for liberty and the preservation of Greece, which treated with virtuous contempt both the enmity and friendship of a despot, who led millions of troops against it, should now be the property of the Kiflaar Agà, a castrated black slave of the Seraglio? Its temples are mouldering to the breath of time, and in another century perhaps, the remains of its beauty will be lost for ever. I said to myself, "Many an ancient traveller, such as Pausanias, hath ascended to this point, where I now lie, to behold the city in all its glory: and oh! how different was it in their time from what it is in mine." I then fancied the splendid festivals, the public games, and solemn processions of the Athenian people, in all the pomp and elegance of superior re-

finement. In a word, my imagination had *carte blanche*, and highly was it gratified with the various and pleasing pictures which it painted.

The modern town, situate N. N. East of the Acropolis, is between four and five miles in circumference, and contains not more than 5000 inhabitants, if as many. The houses are mean and low : over every door they place heads, or broken bassi relievi of ancient sculpture;—a custom which induced me to visit all in the town, in expectation of finding a good bust for you : but my search was not attended with success. These fragments, &c. are put up in honour of their saints, but their piety is not proof against golden temptation : for like Judas they would sell their God for money. Though governed by a Pashà and other Turkish officers appointed by the Kislàar Agà they have among themselves certain municipal magistrates, and often with indignation I hear the sacred name of Archon prostituted upon an animal more contemptible

tible than the bailiffs of our meanest boroughs. I reside with Mr. Macri our consul; but buy my own provisions, which at the best are bad: there being no other meat than goats' flesh, but few roots, though the season, which is particularly severe at Constantinople, is here open; and their bread, from the want of good mills, is gritty and bad. However these, with rice, dried figs, olives, honey of Hymettus, and rich milk, are as much as I could wish, and more than expect. In addition, I must observe that my servant is an excellent Italian cook.

There is little society at Athens, but Macri has three sisters, the most pleasing and amiable Greek women I know. I have also visited the French consul. His wife was pretty, and too great a favourite of Sir R. W—rs—y when here, for her husband grew jealous, and by letter complained to Sir Robert Ainslie of the Baronet,

I am almost inclined to believe, that the superiority of the ancient Athenians in arts

and sciences over all other people, was in great measure produced by physical causes; for their successors are remarkable for their ingenuity. You have probably heard that their subtlety in trade, &c. is so refined, that even Jews cannot exist among them, and the report is true. Such are the effects of education and government upon national character, that the Greeks are from having been the best of people, now become the worst: for generally speaking, they are the most proud, mean, mercenary, artful, treacherous, and vindictive beings that disgrace humanity. If you read the history of Constantinople to the period of its capture by the Turks, you will, I think, be persuaded of this.

So farewell from Athens.

LETTER

LETTER XLI.

Patras, Jan. 4, 1789.

WITH five horses for my servant, my janizary, my guide, myself, and baggage, I left Athens on the 26th, and having ascended the hills that bound the plain upon the western side of it, sent on my little caravan with directions to wait for me at Eleusis, and sat down to take one parting look of the city. I was happy in the reflection *that the general appearance of the country was the same as ever*, but alas! how changed is Athens. I doted over the prospect above an hour,—the fleetest hour I ever knew, and when I *tore* myself from the happy spot on which I lay, never, never to be forgotten, I, for the first time since I left England, wished myself at home, as I then thought that every other country must appear insipid to me, but the surmise was momentary and groundless, for I was much pleased.

pleased with the bending plain of Eleufis, or the Rharian field, the fertility of which is happily allegorized by the fable of Triptolemus, who is faid to have taught the inhabitants before all other people to fow corn. On our way we croffed the Cephifus (a different rivulet from that near Athens) on the banks of which, Thefeus flew the robber Polypæmon, or Procrustes. Eleufis flood at the western extremity of the plain, where it fwells into hills. It now confifts of a few wretched cottages, the only traces of its ancient splendour being the marble ftones that cover the ground. On the fcite of the celebrated temple of Ceres, I beheld a broken ftatue of the goddefs. There were only three temples in the world that for fize and magnificence could rank with this. That of Olympian Jupiter at Athens, of Diana at Ephesus, and of Apollo at Miletus. You will recollect that the Eleufinian myfteries, which in their fecrecy appear to have been fimilar to our modern free masonry, were performed there. Pausanias fays he intended to have revealed them, but was

but was deterred from his design by a dream. This festival, of which the learned Meursius has given a minute description, was revered more than any other by the ancients. The terrors of initiation raised by artificial thunder and lightning, by darkness, screams, groans, and dismal spectres, frightened into secrecy those instructed in the mysteries: nor indeed could they divulge them from the infamy and capital punishment that would follow such an act; and yet the doctrine is supposed to have been the unity of the Deity, and future rewards and punishment. Every fifth year there was a solemn procession from Athens to celebrate this feast, and the road between the two cities was called from it *'H ἡγεα'odor*, or the sacred way.

The country between Eleusis and Megara is pleasing, though uncultivated. There is little more to be seen at the last than at the first of these places; yet I beheld the ruins of the aqueduct mentioned by Pausanias. The modern like the ancient town surrounds

surrounds the sides of a hill. I walked about it an hour or two in search of antiquities, but was fearful of every person I met, as the plague lately brought there had carried off many. On my return to my lodging I found that some of the unhappy people had enquired if I were a *physician*, being desirous of consulting me.

We departed the next morning at day-break, and soon began the ascent of those high and rugged mountains that in the isthmus of Corinth form a barrier to the Peloponnesus. When near the summit a gang of armed Albanians (the worst of savages) rushed from a house by the road, and seized the bridle of my horse. The janizary instantly came up, and telling them in humble language (which a Turk never uses but in fear) that I was a Frank of consequence in the Sultan's service, they after a consultation (dreadful interval!) suffered us to proceed even without pillaging my baggage, but not my purse. I was happy to escape, because many travellers have
been

been murdered upon these lone mountains. Indeed from the time of Theseus they have been infested by robbers. In that hero's journey from Argolis to Athens he retaliated upon Sinis Pitocampetes the same punishment which he (Sinis) had inflicted upon many travellers: that was, he bent to the ground the branches of two pine-trees, with which the mountains are covered, and having fastened a leg of the robber to each, suffered them to spring up to their places with his dissever'd limbs. The view from the top is grand, including the isthmus and its two seas, Mount Cithæron, with the surrounding country towards the north, and to the south-west an extensive tract of Peloponnesus. Great has been the unsuccessful labour in endeavouring to cut a channel of communication between the two seas. It would *now* (I am convinced) be soon effected, but not in the same direction as formerly chosen. There are still upon the top of these mountains the ruins of a strong wall, which defended the peninsula of Greece from foreign inroad

inroad, and below, are the remains of the stadium, in which the isthmian games were celebrated in honour of Palæmon or Melicertes. With extreme veneration I walked over these ruins, so long a school of virtue and heroism. The glory of victory collected all the generous youth of Greece to contend for a wreath of parsley, or of the pine tree. No wonder that the Persian multitudes *fighting under the scourge* could not prevail against such men. Archias of Antioch has described these and the other games of Greece in a well-known tetraëstic.

Τέσσαρες εἰσὶν Ἀγῶνες ἀν' Ἑλλάδα, τέσσαρες ἰσοί,

Οἱ δύο μὲν Θνητῶν, Οἱ δύο δ' Ἀθανάτων.

Ζητὸς Ἀθηναίων Παλαίμορος Ἀρχιμορσίω.

Ἀθλα δὲ τῶν Κόρινθος μῆλα σελίνα πῶλον*.

It is impossible not to admire from the isthmus the situation of Corinth: but in-

Translated.

* There are four sacred games in Greece; two in honour of mortals, and two of immortals; of Jupiter, of Apollo, of Palæmon, and of Archemor. The rewards of these are a crown of the wild olive, apples, wreaths of parsley, and of the pine tree.

stead

stead of its lofty walls, its marble temples and palaces, I looked over a mean town of scattered houses, at which I arrived about seven in the evening; and, after much entreaty, obtained a room in the house of a Greek Dragoman. His reluctance to receive me arose from apprehension that the Turks might think us Russians, and resent his civility to their enemies; but with his door he opened his heart, and proved the most hospitable Greek I ever knew. He prepared for me an excellent supper, a good bed, and breakfast the next morning; for which he not only refused any gratuity to himself, but would not even suffer his servants to take any thing. The appearance of ancient Corinth from its gulf or port Lechæum was doubtless very striking, as it rose gradually, in all the majesty of architecture, from the water, to the base of a high and perpendicular mountain called Acrocorinthos, on which the citadel was built. The groundworks are the only remains of it, if I except the Ruins of a temple, the name of which I cannot discover in Pausanias. It has
eleven

eleven fluted columns 22 feet in height, and six in diameter, of rude Doric architecture, very similar to that of Pæstum. I suppose these columns to have composed the peristyle of this temple. It stands in the modern town about a mile from the sea. Contrary to expectation, I was permitted to ascend the Acrocorinthos, whence the view on all sides was not inferior to that from the isthmian mountains. The fortifications are in a ruined condition, but the place from its situation would be impregnable, if properly defended upon that side by which alone it can be attacked. I had the curiosity to visit the spring, at which, Bellerephon is said to have caught the winged horse Pegasus.

Corinth was built about 1500 years A. C. and, for the turbulence and sedition of its inhabitants, sacked by the Roman general Mummius 1354 years after its foundation. In the conflagration, the celebrated Corinthian brass—more precious than gold, was formed from a molten mixture of metals.

There

There is a remarkable anecdote in Velleius Paterculus of the Conqueror, who, though a good soldier, was no virtuoso. Finding that the city was full of beautiful statues, he determined to send them to Rome (which about that time began to admire and cultivate the polite arts) but apprehensive that his soldiers might destroy or injure them, he declared, "that if it so happened, they should replace them with *new* statues. "Si eas perdidissent eos *novas* reddituros." It was rebuilt by Julius Cæsar for the commercial advantage of its situation, and in honour of the many illustrious citizens it had produced. Its naval power was very considerable at the commencement of the Poloponnesian war, and its population so exuberant as to make frequent colonization necessary. Hence the origin of Syracuse, Epidamnus &c. &c. When I had seen every thing of note at Corinth, and upon the Isthmus, to which I rode the morning after my arrival, I thanked my generous host for his hospitality and departed. We travelled through a charming country

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planted with olive groves, and near the Corinthian Gulf,—no longer alive with triremes and merchantships, but deserted and silent. Having crossed the river Ornea we soon entered Sicyon; which, though less extensive than many of our English counties, was once an empire founded by Ægialeus 2089 years before Christ. I believe it is generally supposed that the capital of this country was the oldest city of Greece, Argos not excepted. We rode over the stones of which it was built, what an object for reflection! and, having staid there longer than I intended, was obliged to pass the night a few miles farther in an uninhabited cottage half-roofed. We made a large fire in the middle of it, round which we slept. Fortunately I had brought with me from Athens a baked rice pudding, some eggs, dried fruit, and a flask of wine, on which I made a delicious banquet. The next morning was remarkably clear, and I beheld distinctly on the other side of the bay, the country of ancient Phocis, of the Locri Ozoles, and (I believe) Mount Helicon. The sea coast of Achaia
is

is more cultivated than that of Sicyon, having many vineyards which produce the current grape, but of a quality inferior to the fruit of Zante and Cephalonia. We found much difficulty in crossing the rivers, as the wooden bridges had been swept away by the late floods, and were consequently delayed so long, that we did not arrive at Vostizza until the close of the evening. We put up at a lodging house, but the people were shy of us, especially some of the town magistrates who happened to be there, as we had travelled through a country much infected with the plague; but having assured them we had carefully avoided communication with the inhabitants, they were persuaded by an Italian physician, one of their number, to receive us. This gentleman, knowing the poor accommodations of the house, kindly supplied us with a supper, but could not from prior engagement partake of it with me. Vostizza is one of the largest towns of the Morèa, and carries on no inconsiderable trade in currants and other produce of the

country. It has no antiquities in or about it, being of modern date. We continued our journey the next morning along the sea side, and about four in the afternoon came to Patras, but were denied entrance by a Turkish guard who threatened to fire on us if we advanced, having as they said come from Megara and the plague. I could not prevail on them even to carry a message to Mr. Strane the English Consul. You see that the Mussulmans of Patras are apostates from the predestinarian doctrine of Mahomet, and happy would it be if this apostacy were general. Having waited an hour without a prospect of entering the city, I began to look about me for a lodging, when I descried a man in a Frank's dress. I hallooed, and spoke to him in Italian which he happily understood, and acquainted him with our embarrassment. He immediately went to Mr. Strane, who obtained a passport from the Pasha, and sent his janizary to meet me with a beautiful horse, on which I entered in prancing triumph.

Patras

Patras olim Patræ but originally called Arva was founded by one Eumelus. It stands near the entrance of the Corinthian Bay or Gulf of Lepanto, and though one of the largest towns of the Morèa, is the most unhealthy from its damp situation. There are still some slight remains of ancient structure, but to pronounce upon them with certainty is impossible. The country about it is fruitful, as I perceived in two excursions on horseback. I think myself fortunate in having collected some very fine camæos and intaglos through the assistance of Mr. Strane and his cousin Mr. Paul, who is Consul for the Republics of Holland and Ragusa. To the former I am under great obligation for his disinterested hospitality, which I shall ever gratefully remember. What a valuable treasure in society is a good man!

LETTER XLII.

Ragusa, Feb. 8, 1789.

ON the fourth day after my arrival at Patras, I fortunately found (for it seldom happens) a vessel sailing out of the Gulf of Lepanto for Ragusa; I overtook her, agreed with the master for my passage, and bade adieu to the classic shores of Greece. The same evening we sailed over the bay upon which the famous battle of Curzolari or Lepanto was fought between the united fleets of Spain, the Venetians, and the Pope, commanded by Don John of Austria, and the Turks, under their High Admiral Ali Pasha. After one of the bloodiest conflicts recorded in history, which happened on Sunday the 7th of October, 1570, the Ottomans were completely vanquished; for of 228 galleys they lost two thirds. The next day we were becalmed so near the rocky island of Ithaca that

that I went on shore, but found no traces of antiquity, nor inhabitants. Having passed Corfú, as severe a storm came on as ever vexed the Adriatic. The sea rolled tremendously, and continued in this agitation during a night of the profoundest darkness. We were tossed in a narrow channel between two shores equally dangerous—that of Otranto which is flat, and the opposite coast inhabited by Albanians, who, though descended from the brave and generous Epirots,* are become a people of savages and assassins. About three in the morning the mizzen mast went by the board, and all assisted to clear the ship which soon righted, but the alarm was dreadful. Happily the crew were good

* They were honest and simple before the Turks had conquered and converted them, being wisely governed by their own Princes; the last of whom was the celebrated Séanderbeg, who renounced the religion which had been forced upon him when an Icoylan of the Seraglio by his father's and brother's murderers, and having re-established, long supported, the independence of his country.

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seamen, for by their exertions under divine Providence they kept the vessel off land. At day-break the violence of the tempest subsided, and was followed by a calm, after which, on the 10th of January, a favourable wind brought us into the lesser harbour of Ragusa. As we sailed towards the mole, I was charmed with the general appearance of the place : on one side is the Isle of Croma ; on the other a steep mountain, the lower part of which is laid out in vineyards and gardens, and at the extremity of the harbour is the city.

This little Republic, a part of Dalmatia, extends 120 miles along the Adriatic, and generally taken, is about 12 in breadth. At the two extremities are the island of Læfina and the mouth of Cattaro,—both in the territories of Venice ; and behind it are the fruitful plains of Bosnia—subject to the Turks. Ragusa and the two Stagnos are its only cities. The foundation of the former, is attributed to those Romans who colonized Epidaurus, now a heap of ruins
called

called Ragusa vecchia, or old Ragusa, about five miles from it; for when that city was sacked by the Saracens its inhabitants fled for protection to the adjoining mountains, and afterwards reuniting themselves, built the capital of this Republic. From the command of prospect, its situation is delightful, from the convenience of two ports on each side, advantageous. In 1667, it was destroyed by an earthquake, but this evil was, as it often happens, productive of good; for to it must be ascribed the breadth and regularity of its streets, the grandeur of the public buildings, and the beauty of the houses. It is surrounded by high walls of late construction, and a deep *fosse*; the drawbridges of which are raised every evening at sunset, and the gates shut in the presence of a junior noble. The city is small but the suburb extends itself to the northern Port Gravosa—a noble basin, in which the largest ships can securely ride at anchor. Into it flows the broad river Ambla, from its deep and silent recesses of rocks and mountains covered with olive groves,
and

and enlivened with villas—the summer residence of the noble Ragufans. The country though mountainous is prolific, supplying the inhabitants with oil and wines of the best qualities; but the consumption exceeds the produce, and obliges them to have recourse to their Mahometan neighbours for provisions, which are incredibly cheap, as in times of the greatest scarcity, meat does not exceed two pence a pound, and every other article of consumption is as low. I (though a stranger) pay only a penny per pound for the best mutton.

On my arrival I was permitted by the superior of the health office to perform my quarantaine on shore, and hired a house for the purpose; but through the interposition of the Senator Count Basegli (to whom I brought a letter of introduction from Mr. Paul their Consul at Patras) instead of being confined forty days, I was liberated in three weeks, although we had arrived with a foul bill of health:—an indulgence without precedent. Indeed when in quarantaine

rantaine I had the liberty of walking or riding wherever I pleased with an attendant, though at first, for form sake, a centinel was placed at my door. They insisted (for I was scrupulous) that I, and even my servant, should go out, being persuaded we would not touch any body. My provisions were brought to me every morning, and though I kept a good table and gave coffee to my visitors in the evening, the daily expence did not exceed four shillings. My day of grace was on the grand festival of Biagio, their tutelar Saint, in which I partook of the general joy, mixed in the general confusion, and was honoured with a seat among their nobles to behold the ancient ceremonies of the Republic. The principal of these were a religious procession, and rustic dance of old women, who carried upon their heads baskets of bread to denote plenty. Upon this day, a numerous body of the peasantry assembles in the city, every man bearing his musket, which he continually loads and discharges, being supplied by Government with an unlimited

limited quantity of powder. This custom was once politically necessary, as it trained the subject to arms without diverting his attention from the more necessary occupation of the olive yard, and spared the Republic the expence of supporting a large body of troops ; but like many other institutions, it is now grown into abuse ; being productive only of inconvenience, noise, confusion, and accidents.

The form of Government is aristocratic, as in the nobles alone are vested the legislative and executive powers : the former in the assembly of all those patricians who have completed their 18th year, and the latter in a senate of 45 members elected by the former from its own body. There is also a lesser or privy council of seven chosen from the Senate, who in reality are the administrators of the executive government, though the forty-five are nominally so. At the head of the Republic is the Prince or Rector elected from the Senate, whose term of office continues only a month. He

is honoured with the ensigns of royalty, resides in the public palace, has the exclusive privilege of proposing all matters to be discussed, and the better to support a superior dignity of character, is confined to his palace, except when on public days his presence is required; though in dark nights he steals into the society of a few friends, where I have often met him. From the nobles are elected all their officers civil and military, by whom this little commonwealth is wisely and prosperously governed.* Its commerce is considerable for so small a territory, from the continual opportunity which every subject has of engaging in it. Whenever a merchantship is built, those, who are desirous to purchase shares (however small) in it, may have them upon application—a wise ordinance, if you reflect, that by the numerous adventures in each vessel, the emoluments of trade be-

* For this sketch of its Government I am indebted to my worthy friend the Abbè Ferrich.

come more beneficial to the Republic from being so generally distributed, and the losses less severe. For the Grand Signior's protection, the liberty of trading in his dominions, and an exemption from toll, they pay him an annual tribute, and send triennially two Ambassadors to Constantinople.

The inhabitants of Dalmatia are in their garb and manners not unlike the highlanders of Scotland, brave, honest, simple, and so inured to the inclemency of weather that even now when the snow is four inches high upon the ground, parties of them (as I see from my windows) pass the night round a small fire in the open air. Of the Ragusans I cannot write too favourably, especially of the nobles and superior order of citizens, who (generally speaking) possess all the good qualities that virtuous example and refined education can bestow, without those vices which prevail in countries more open to foreign intercourse,

course, and consequently more practised in deception. They have more learning and less ostentation than any people I know, more politeness to each other, and less envy. Their hospitality to strangers cannot possibly be exceeded: in short, their general character has in it so few defects, that I do not hesitate to pronounce them (as far as my experience of other people will permit me) the *wisest, best, and happiest of states*. Among them I must first mention my noble and venerable friend Count Giacomo Basegli, whose goodness to me will ever receive my warmest gratitude and acknowledgment. And with him the names of Ragnina, Sorgo, Volante, Zamagna, and Ferrich: to the two last of these gentlemen I am indebted for the highest compliments that could be paid a stranger, compliments of which I then felt, and ever must feel myself undeserving; as you will perceive when I tell you that the Abbé Zamagna (a name great in the republic of letters) sent me his admirable

able translations of Hesiod and Theocritus in Latin verse, accompanied with these lines.

- “ Accipe, WATKINSI, ZAMAGNÆ carmina, et inter
 “ Angligenas reditus, sis memor Illyriæ:
 “ Quæ, quamvis squallet deserta atque horrida, Graias
 “ Non minus ac Latias suspicit Aonidas.
 “ Teque etiam laudat, quem primo in flore juventæ
 “ Omnigenas artes ipsa Minerva docet.”

Soon afterwards at an entertainment given by the Count Basegli, printed papers were handed round to the company in which I read

In decessu Rachusio THOMÆ WATKINSI, Angli.

-
- “ Te talem, WATKINSI, et tot virtutibus auctum
 “ Nosse, fruique tuo sæpius alloquio,
 “ Lætitiz pars summa fuit. Nunc invida nostro
 “ Dum fors te avellit, proh dolor! e gremio,
 “ Unum

- "Unum quod superest, tibi fausta precamur eunti,
 "Optamusque tuæ flamina amica rati.
 "At puppi Adriacum dum tu sulcaveris æquor,
 "Spargemus mæstis littora nos lacrymis."

A few evenings ago at Count Ragnina's he pronounced these extemporary lines.

- "Non tu discedas solus, verùm ibimus unà,
 "WATKINSI, et quo te, nos quoque ventus aget.
 "Nam quocunque ibis te semper nostra sequentur
 "Vota, nec absistet pectore fixus amor."

Thus carested and flattered by these amiable citizens, I dwell among them in uninterrupted happiness, if I except those unpleasing moments when I reflect on my approaching departure.

I lately visited in the Isle of Croma a monastery founded (as I am told) by Richard Cœur de Lion, in consequence of a vow for his deliverance from shipwreck; and yesterday, a party was made for me to the Island of Melita, upon which (as related in the Acts of the Apostles) St. Paul was shipwrecked. An honest Monk con-

ducted me to the spot where he landed, still known, *by the two seas that meet there.** The island is picturesque, and held in high veneration by the Ragufans, who make many summer excursions to it.

Valc.

* Acts of the Apostles, 27th chapter.

LETTER

LETTER XLIII.

Venice, March 25, 1789.

THE intreaties of my friends at Ragusa, and my own inclinations induced me to protract the evil hour of departure as long as possible, but at length an opportunity presented itself that could not be neglected, and I embarked in a large boat, which, for my convenience, was ordered by the Count Bafegli to carry the public dispatches to Fiume—a city of Croatia: I say *for my convenience*, as a much smaller is generally used. When the time came I took sorrowful leave of the many who accompanied me to the water. We proceeded under an easy sail all night, and early the next morning arrived at Sabioncello, a little village near the extremity of the Republic. The whole of our voyage was through that long cluster of islands that lie upon the Dalmatian coast, the various scenery of

which is particularly striking, as many of them are covered with woods of oak——esteemed the best timber in the world for shipbuilding. It continued six days before we came to Fiume, in which I had several opportunities of landing both on the continent and in the islands, where I discovered that the wretched Government of Venice had, by sending out their Barnabotti, or famished nobility to prey upon the inhabitants, rendered ineffectual the beneficence of nature. What a contrast between them and the citizens of Ragusa who lived protected and exempt from all taxes, while they can scarce *subsist* upon the rich land they inhabit, being harassed by every species of extortion that avarice can devise and power execute! We touched at Spalatro where I beheld, with less wonder than I should, had I not seen Athens, the noble ruins of Diocletian's palace, and lay a night at Zara. Fiume is one of the few seaports that belong to the Emperor of Germany, who, by many privileges and immunities wisely granted to it, has much augmented its

its commerce. I left it the morning after my arrival, and through the lying ingenuity of my valet who told the postmasters that I was charged with dispatches for Cæsar, *id est*, the Emperor, travelled with great expedition to Trieste. Though I had often heard a favourable description of this city, I assure you it much exceeded my expectation. The houses are grand, the streets wide and crowded with people of different nations, and the whole presents an appearance of commerce, of industry, and of opulence; so that the Adriatic from the situation of Trieste, wears as it were a crown of gold. When Joseph the Second declared it a free port, he struck a final blow to the declining commerce of Venice which sunk as the other rose. Like that of Genoa it has been diverted by a people who were once the subjects if not the slaves of that proud Republic. Having visited with curious eye whatever was deserving of observation, I took a boat to Venice, and once again trusted myself to the sea. The night soon came, and the wind proved unfavourable, so that

that in despair I crept under the hatches, continually expecting to be driven back. In this situation I slept until roused by the voice of the boatmen who seemed to address somebody at a distance ; supposing that we had returned I enquired, but oh ! conceive my extasy on hearing we had reached the outward island of Venice, the wind having changed in the night. I jumped up and almost lost in joy beheld the city before us, in which, on the 17th ultimo, I landed after an eastern tour of eight months.

It seemed a fortunate occurrence to arrive for the last week of the carnival, which is the most brilliant of any, but much more fortunate to find that it would be immediately followed by the election of a Doge. The last (Paolo Renier) died a few days before my arrival, but the nobility (whose principal occupation is amusement) would not publish the event, that it might not break in upon the carnival, the conclusion of which at Venice, is (I should suppose) the first jubilee in the world. It may be almost

most said that the diversions of it are innumerable, coffee-houses, theatres, balls, music, processions, street orators, puppet shows, jugglers, &c. &c. in short every entertainment that an ingenious people, the most addicted to pleasure of any other, could devise. The general dress was black silk dominos, and clokes trimmed with lace. I assisted at a variety of ceremonies as curious as they were new to me, but the appearance of St. Mark's Place in the last night, beggared every other scene. At twelve it was filled with an infinite variety of masks in fancy dresses and dominos, most of whom carried lights in their hats, torches, bells, rattles, drums, and whistles which were continually used. The diversity of dress and confusion of mixed sounds, could not be exceeded, it being the masquerade of a nation and that caricatured above description or even idea. The day after the carnival the Doge's death was announced by the tolling of all the bells, and the discharge of ordnance at an appointed hour. His funeral took place on the fifth of March at four in

the evening, and was conducted in solemn ceremony and magnificence. The procession, consisting of the council of Ten, of other magistrates, and numerous assistants, began in St. Mark's Place. In the middle was borne a figure of the late Doge made of wax, as his body had been interred soon after his demise. It moved slowly to the church of San Giovanni Paolo, in the centre of which was erected a superb temple of wood called Catafelto, for the reception of the ducal coffin. The music of the requiem was inferior only to that which I had heard in the Capella Sestina at Rome, and the ceremony concluded with a funeral oration, in which the deceased was much more panegyricised than I fear he ever will be in the history of his country. Before I proceed to describe the subsequent election, I must observe, that the government of Venice consists of a grand council of all the noble Venetians, who have completed their 25th year, in which the supreme authority resides. From this body are elected 120 senators called Pregadi, or rather in the Venetian

netian dialect, Pregai, to whom it confides the management of home and foreign affairs, the power of making war and peace, of concluding alliances, of granting subsidies, and of imposing taxes. From these are taken the council of Ten, who guard with jealous vigilance the safety of government, judge all state offences, and determine all causes that affect the commonwealth. Their transactions are wrapped in the profoundest secrecy, being superior to controul, and exempt from enquiry. Among themselves, they appoint every quarter, the three inquisitors of state, who are absolute in all causes and over all persons, not excepting that of the Doge. They can enter the house of any one suspected, break open his drawers, and possess themselves of his papers without intimating even the cause of their suspicion. This excess of power has produced the most oppressive acts of secret tyranny, and spread over the Venetian government a darker shade of despotism than on any other of Europe. There are several councils subordinate to these, and also great officers

officers of state, particularly the nine Procurators of St. Mark, whose situations in point of honour are next to the ducal. The Doge has much power in appearance, but none in reality, being in all things directed by the Savi Grandi—the six sages or counsellors who are appointed to attend him. The credentials of the Venetian ambassadors, &c. are made out indeed in his name, but he cannot sign them. All letters to the republic are addressed to him, but he is not permitted to open them. To the colleges of government over which he presides, he dares not propose any measure without the approbation of the Savi Grandi. His revenue is sunk in supporting his rank, and his family is excluded during his life from any share in the government. In short, his situation is so far from desirable, that few are willing by accepting it, to renounce the superior power which they possess in council, and to sacrifice private comfort to public dignity. Immediately after the funeral, succeeded the election, but during the interregnum, it was expedient for the administration

stration of public business to nominate a Vice-Doge, when the senior of the Savi Grandi, or in other words, my noble friend the Cavalier Giacomo Foscarini was appointed; who, till the election was determined, resided in the palace, and gave the most sumptuous entertainments to the foreigners, nobility, and his friends who complimented him upon the occasion. Not only the other counsellors and heads of tribunals received their company, but every person admitted within the palace, was regaled with whatever meats or wines he chose, and this banquetting continued several days. The election happened on the 10th. The only candidate was Bastiano Mo—ne—o, governor of Verona, but that wretch was so notorious for the unnatural love of his own sex, that the electors rejected him, and chose Ludovico Manini,—a gentleman of unblemished character. The impartiality of their choice is secured by the intricacy of the mode prescribed, which is as follows. From the great council 30 of different families are drawn by lot, who being assembled, re-
duce

duce their number by ballot to nine ; the nine elect forty, who are brought down to twelve. By these are nominated twenty-five, who are ballotted to nine. The second nine chuse forty-five, and these are reduced to eleven. Finally, the eleven appoint the FORTY-ONE, who (if approved in full council) elect the Doge. Like the cardinals in conclave they are shut up, and forbidden all exterior communication until their choice be made. Their first act is to create among themselves three presidents and two secretaries, to the former of whom, each elector being called, presents his vote written upon a card, which is immediately put into an urn. The secretaries, having numbered these cards, throw them into another urn, and take out one, which they read to the electors, who enquire into the character of the noble. If approved, they proceed to vote, and should the twenty-five of the forty-one support him, he is declared Doge. The election of Manini was made known about two o'clock, when all ranks and descriptions seemed to rejoice at it. St. Mark's Palace

Palace was thrown open for the reception of foreigners, the nobility, &c. and a ball immediately commenced, which continued with little intermission, *three days and three nights*. The day after the election were the procession and coronation. From St. Mark's church the Doge, attended by four of his nearest relatives, was carried in a triumphal chair on the shoulders of 30 or 40 men, amongst crowds of innumerable people. He made the tour of the place, and threw (as I hear) 4000 ducats of his new coined money to the populace. When he entered the palace the ducal bonnet was placed upon his head by the Vice-Doge, and he was again presented to the people. If I except the march of the Grand Signior to be declared *Gaza*, I never saw any thing so noble as this procession. The windows of St. Mark's Place were occupied by the most beautiful women of Italy, and the area thronged by a people that needed no soldiery to be kept in order. The Venetian nobles boast much of this disposition in their populace : a happy disposition for them.

Imme-

Immediately after these rejoicings a new Procurator of St. Mark was chosen, and forry am I to add, that Mo—ne—o, the very man whose crimes debarred him from the Dogeship, was elected by a great majority in opposition to many worthy characters. Banquets and balls similar to, though less magnificent than those of the Prince, succeeded, together with illuminations that set all Venice in a blaze.

LETTER

LETTER XLIV.

Verona, May 5, 1789.

ON the third of last month I left the brilliant Caffini of Venice, and its perpetual round of amusement, for the solitude and tranquility of Padua. Finding it impossible to take leave of those who had honoured me with their affection and friendship, I bade them adieu for a few days only, having intimated a short excursion upon the Terra-Firma. Many, my dear Sir, suppose that a foreign tour is continually attended by pleasure, but oh! how much are they mistaken. The circumstance I have just mentioned (*if they know what it is to feel but how few are there who do?*) would convince them of their error. They arrive in Italy, where being well received and generally introduced, they soon acquire friends, whom, in a few months, a few short months (for so they seem) they leave
for

for ever. During my stay at Padua I rode every day to see the country houses of the noble Venetians upon the many branches of the Brenta. All its environs are charming, particularly in this season, when nature awakes to the forward influence of an Italian climate. I came to Vicenza on May day, a town, which in proportion to its size, has more good buildings than any other in Europe, having been the birth-place and residence of Palladio. So much was I delighted with the many public and private monuments of his taste, that I almost thought myself at Athens, particularly when I beheld the Olympian theatre—a model of sublime architecture. The situation of Vicenza is more agreeable than that of Padua, as the surrounding country is finely varied with hills. On one of these is a Palladian villa, in imitation of which, the Duke of Devonshire has one at Chiswick built by Lord Burlington. The town is about four miles in circumference, and populous, not being like Padua the *occasional* residence of the noble Venetians. In its churches
are

are some good paintings by Paul Veronese and Tintoretto. The country between Vicenza and Verona is like a garden, the fertility of its appearance being heightened by contrast of the rude and barren Alps that bound it. The view of these mountains is so grand, that it *should* have pleased me, but alas! I beheld them with sorrow, because they reminded me that in a few days *I should be no longer in Italy*. However, I thought of you, and was comforted. Verona—a city of considerable extent and population, is pleasantly situated upon the rapid river Adige, which divides it in two parts, forming a bold and beautiful curve. Its amphitheatre has triumphed over time, accident, and injury, more than any building in Italy (the Pantheon excepted); for its inside (which will contain from twenty to thirty thousand people) is entire. My Cicerone informed me, that when the Pope passed through Verona he wished to see this noble edifice, and a day being fixed, he found on entering, that there was no room for his Holiness but in the arena, the seats being completely filled to receive him.

This city has been honoured by the attention of our Shakespear, Romeo and Juliet, as well as his Two Gentlemen, were of Verona, but the times are much changed for the worse in the present age of apathy, as it would be impossible to find two such lovers on *this* side of the Alps, if on *yours*.

I shall conclude my letter with a short sketch of the Italian character generally taken, but must premise, that it often is grossly misrepresented by prejudice and ignorance. If crimes be more prevalent here than in other countries, they do not arise from the natural disposition of the inhabitants, but from bad government and superstition. The best people, as we learn, from the examples of Greece and Rome, may degenerate from the virtue of their ancestors, and become the worst. Wise laws carefully administered will change barbarism into urbanity, and I believe they would operate with the greatest success upon the Italians, because their temper is naturally mild, and their ingenuity superior to that of other nations—the Athenians excepted.

cepted. We know that in arts and arms they have had some of the greatest characters of the modern world. Perhaps from the friendship I have formed with a few individuals, I am led to think too favourably of the people in general, but must say, that although the education of the better sort be often defective, I have in Italian society passed my time as much to my satisfaction, as in any other whatever. They are infinitely more attentive to us than we are to them, more temperate, less arrogant, and less prejudiced. There is indeed one serious imputation against them, and that is their conjugal infidelity. Before marriage their women are nuns, and after it libertines. At twelve years they are immured in a convent, from which there is no return, but upon the hard condition of receiving from their parents a husband whom they have never seen. If dissatisfied with him (as it generally happens) they are at liberty (from universal custom) to chuse their *Cavalieri Serventi*, or *Cecisbèi*, who attend them to all public places, for the husbands dare not, assist at their toilette, and, in a word,

do every thing they are ordered ; for which the ladies sacrifice their own virtue, and the husband's honour. Shocking as it is, I must observe ; that the Italians are less culpable in this respect than the British women, whose consorts are generally the objects of their own, not of their parents choice. Had the former the power of refusal, which the latter possess, I am persuaded that their example in matrimony would be as worthy of imitation as that of any other women, especially as there are some, though few, who rise superior to the general corruption ; and, to preserve their fidelity inviolate, submit to the ridicule of their acquaintance*.

* I know one at Naples, and another at Venice. When I had talked to the former, of my country-women ; and described *some* of them as virtuous, generous, candid, affectionate, and sincere ; her animated countenance (I never can forget it) told me her sensations. She felt that noble emulation which inspired Corregio when he beheld the works, and heard the praises of Raphael, for in the words of that great man she answered me—*San anch' io Pittore.*—" *I too am a painter,*" and yet (oh dreadful) such a woman is neglected by her husband.

LETTER

LETTER XLV.

Brussels, June 1, 1789.

GREAT was the alteration of country in one day's journey from Verona to Trente. Instead of looking with pleasure and complacency on plains luxuriant in all the gifts of nature as about Verona, my eyes were tired with surrounding mountains that preclude all view. Trente is well built and situate upon the banks of the Adige, which runs with great celerity towards the happier soil and climate of Italy. Poets perhaps would personify this stream, and suppose it to anticipate the change by its rapidity of current. From Trente I came to Brixen, and from Brixen to Inspruck. The Tyrol resembles the rudest parts of Switzerland. From Inspruck I passed thro' Suabia to Constance, and thence, by a road already described to Laufenburgh. The nearest way from Italy to England is
through

through France, but a letter from Mr. Pock, painting in such glowing colours the beauties of the Rhine, induced me to pursue the course of that river. I therefore embarked in a small boat at Laufenburgh, and glided down its clear deep and rapid stream through enchanting scenery, passing by the cities of Basil, Strasburgh, Spires, Mannheim, Worms, Mentz, Coblantz, Bonn, to Cologne. From Cologne I travelled by land to Dusseldorf to examine its gallery of pictures,—a noble collection of the Italian and Flemish schools, and from Dusseldorf to this place through Aix la Chapelle. I have here passed a few days most agreeably in the company of Lord and Lady Torrington.

And now, my dear sir, I anticipate the pleasure I shall feel in returning to you and to my country, after having so largely gratified my curiosity. The happiness I shall enjoy from the remembrance of my travels. I can imagine but not describe; for how can I describe that which can only be exceeded

exceeded by the recollection of your virtues,
or the charms of your conversation.

O quid solutis est beatius curis!
Quum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino
Labore fessi, venimus Larem ad nostrum,
Desideratoque acquiescimus lecto*.

Catull. Carm. 31, lib. 7.

The author of these letters, having had the misfortune to lose that parent for whose amusement they were written, entreats the indulgence of his readers whilst he uses this public opportunity of paying a short tribute of filial duty and respect to his memory. There are few in whom the elements of nature are more happily mixed than they were in him, as he possessed understanding

Imitated.

* Ah ! what so happy as a mind at rest,
When cares no more lie heavy on the breast ;
When tired of foreign travel, we return
To our own country, and at length discern
The place which first we knew, which most we love,
And in the bed that nurs'd us sleep !

to

to comprehend—memory to retain, and eloquence to communicate whatever had been the subject of his enquiries. And to give these properties the greater effect, his application became from habit, his principal amusement. Nor were the qualities of his heart inferior to those of his head, for, he had all the virtues of humanity, with few of its defects. Reader, he was a great, he was a good man.

FINIS.

